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Central Mailer: Jerry G. Bails, 22529 Karam Ct., Warren, Mich. 48091

mc: mailing comments included

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NOTES TO MEMBERS:

___ Please remit $1.00 to cover future mailing costs.

___ Please wrap your contribution more securely to protect it from damage. This month your package was all shot to Hell.

Because all third class mail may take up to 3 weeks (or more) to cross the U.S., all late contributions should be sent via air mail special handling if you are requesting a "hold." "Special handling" is required to insure delivery even on Sundays and holidays. I realize that air mail postage is high, but unless you are willing to pay it, I figure your contribution is not so timely that it couldn't wait 30 days for the next issue.

Late contributions this month comprise more than 50% of the issue.

It's been a little while, but I'm glad I'm back.

Since my last contribution to K-a several months back, I have been rather lucky--so lucky that it has been nigh impossible for me to do more than think about meeting my quote for this apa. However, with luck, I hope to do better in the future.

The first thing that happened, of course, was an offer of a job at National as Mort Weisinger's assistant, replacing Nelson Bridwell (who is now freelancing for DC as well as MAD, as most of you know). This offer caused me some consternation, as I had just accepted a sizable scholarship to study international relations for a master's degree at the George Washington University in the District of Columbia. (Can any of you picture ME as a diplomat? You might as well push the button for WWIII right now and get it over with!)

At any rate, I accepted the offer--which, technically speaking, was a try-out on both our parts, Mort's and mine. A couple of weeks later, while I was still ostensibly teaching at Fox High School in Arnold, Missouri, I received Pat Masulli's offer (made to others as well as to me, of course) to try writing a script and sent him a two days' wonder entitled "The Second Trojan War" (for SON OF VULCAN), about which I make no claims of greatness. Now I find that it's likely to seem a bit odd, since I utilized Dr. Kong and the just-out issue which precedes mine has the good doc dead at the bottom of the sea; still, I got paid and was asked to try my hand at BLUE BEETLE and/or CAPTAIN ATOM, as well as another SON OF VULCAN. (I tried to get Masulli to toss in the cover from my first pro story, but to no avail.) A Blue Beetle script featuring the giant Egyptian Eye of Horus followed. By now my speed was getting up; I just spent a day and a half on this one. (I'm glad to report that Tom Fagan and David Kaler have sold BB scripts since then; also I'm glad I wasn't relying on Charlton for steady income!)

At the end of July, I finished off AE-9, took it the 100 miles to Arnold (where it was to be printed), and flew to New York. It was a great pleasure to meet a number of fans who had formerly been only names and occasional letters before: Phil Seuling (a nice guy with whom I agree on almost nothing); David Kaler (whom I had very briefly met earlier in Chicago and had mistakenly believed to be a hood because he was wearing Levis or something); Tom Fagan (who promptly invited Dave and me to Rutland for the Batman parade at Halloween); and Dick and Pat Lupoff (at whose home I enjoyed an entertaining July 4th weekend). Oh, yes--and Len Brown, who turned out to be a pro in his own right, since he does the Dynamo scripts for THUNDER AGENTS. I even moved in with Dave Kaler in East Greenwich Village, where we live pretending to be starving writers and wearing our Dr. Strange t-shirts in the coffee-houses.

I also had a chance to meet a number of pros whose acquaintance I had long wanted to make in person: Otto Binder, Gardner Fox, Julius Schwartz (and the other DC editors, including Bob Kanigher), Arnold

Drake, Murphy Anderson, Gil Kane, Joe Kubert, and others at DC. (I know this sounds as if I'm a chronic name-dropper, but I'm merely trying to give an impression of these weeks as I saw them.)

And of course there was Mort Weisinger. I know there have been and will be questions as to why, at the end of two trial weeks (one for pay, one not), I abruptly quit DC--the company with which AE has always been most concerned) and went over to Marvel. There are two reasons, and I want to state them frankly so as to avoid a bunch of ridiculous and baseless rumors of the type with which comics fandom seems to be increasingly plagued.

The first reason was the conditions at DC. By this, I'm afraid I must admit that I mean primarily Mort himself. This is not meant to cast any aspersions at Mort, toward whom I have no hard feelings whatsoever (tho I'm sure the vice is not so versa); however, truth is truth. When I was in St. Louis, the offer was a six-weeks (or thereabouts) trial period and a set salary. When I arrived in New York, the period suddenly became two weeks--thereby increasing the pressure considerably for me to learn everything at once--and a salary of $10 a week less than I had originally heard. This, coupled with the fact that my plane fare was to be taken out of my pay for my first script for DC, left me somewhat less than disenchanted.

However, the principal thing which prompted my decision (at least as far as the DC end of the matter is concerned) was a personality clash. Mort is a fine, talented, and out-going man, hard on me and everyone (including most of all himself) in his effort to keep SUPERMAN the world's best-selling comic-book; and, aided by the idiot box, he will quite probably make it for some time to come. However, in New York I found to my surprise that I reacted unfavorably to his particular methods and personality. Probably this is an admission of weakness on my part; if so, so be it. I simply came to feel very quickly that I would not be happy in my situation there.

And now for the second, and perhaps more important, reason for my decision. Name of second reason: Stan Lee. Occupation: Possibly the most talented comic-book writer-editor of comics history.

When I arrived in New York I knew it was only a matter of time before I would make an attempt to see Stan Lee for strictly fannish reason; I hoped that, by waiting until I was tentatively hired by DC, I would be able to gain an "audience" of sorts with him. So, just before I left to spend Independence Day with the Lupoffs, I dropped Stan a line to the effect that I was in town, was working for the competition, and would he see me sometime. He got the letter the following Tuesday and called my hotel; I was working, of course, but got the message when I returned and caught him still at the office at 5:30. (And that doesn't happen to many of us very often, natch!)

Stan informed me that he had been looking for months for a staff writer and general assistant of sorts, and asked if I would take the qualifying writing test (which consists of several pages of an F4 tale to which one is to write dialogue). The next day I dropped by Marvel on my lunch hour--it is only a few minutes' walk from National--and met Flo Steinberg, who handed me the test to take home. Stan was home writing that day and the next (when I returned the test and met Sol Brodsky, Stan's right arm and himself the creator of CRACKED and the old Red Cross in CAPTAIN AERO). I had not spent much time on the

test, partially because of the lousy writing conditions in my hotel room, and was frankly not optimistic about my chances of passing it. After all, more than a hundred people had tried it unsuccessfully1 before me. Like, they'd even had an ad in the Times.

I was therefore quite shocked when the next morning at DC, as I was proofing a Supergirl saga at my little desk in the (aagh!) romance department, I received a phone call.

"Hello, Roy, this is Flo Steinberg," said a voice I would have recognized in a coal-black cave. "I'm a spy this morning."

To spare the details, I was informed Stan would like to see me during my lunch hour and could I possibly make it about twelve? (Did Ant-Man have ants? I was there at 12:10.) My conversation with Stan--which stretched my lunch hour to something like an hour and a half--led to a job offer, as I had somehow passed the test. I insisted on giving two weeks' notice, at least, to DC; however, that turned out to be unnecessary, as I was immediately considered a traitor or something and, at 2:10 that afternoon, I was back in Stan's office looking over a MILLIE THE MODEL issue I was to write that weekend.

So there is the trite and true story of my job at Marvel. It goes without saying, I think, that I'm enjoying it tremendously--and that I hope my draft board decides to let this decidedly good dream go on for some time. Someday I may become tired of writing and editing comics and may go on to graduate school (probably in the Ancient Near East or some such field of study), but for now....

* * * * * * * * *

Not that anybody will probably care except my friend, mentor, and inspiration--namely, JGB--but I'll include from time to time the various scripts on which I work. If nothing else, it may help someone compiling a MILLIE THE MODEL/ PATSY & HEDY index in years to come. (Incidentally, besides the two Charlton super-heroes I'm "passing along" to David, I've written half of the Iron Man story in SUSPENSE # 73, out in October, and am currently working on an experimental DR. STRANGE--it's part of a study program, you might say.)

* * * * * * * * *

I might as well state here and now that I'd appreciate any support which my fellow K-alphans could give to their comrade and mine, David Kaler, in his present bid for the position of publisher of TCR. As some of you may know by now, Derrill Rothermich suddenly decided (I feel for personal/family reasons rather than the purely financial one he gave) not to publish TCR--or, indeed, to remain in fandom at all. (And wouldn't you know he had an article almost done for AE!? Damn!) David has access to information at DC thru contacts made in preparation for the con; ditto with Charlton, thru Pat Masulli, whom we expect to meet soon; and I'll be of such help I can with Marvel news. Having a TCR publisher in New York City would probably be a good thing, despite the fine job that Glen Johnson did in New Mexico. How about it? All in favor say aye....

* * * * * * * * * *

I'm writing this page before the others which appear in this mailing--so, if things seems a bit confused somewhere along the way, please bear this in mind and be kind. Also, because of demands upon my time (like, I've written a whole MILLIE THE MODEL, 5 pages of a PATSY AND HEDY, and a couple of experimental pages of a DR. STRANGE in the past seven days), I must compose as I go along. However, it should also be noticed that I make some attempt at proofreading. May I suggest that Stephen Barr and/or Kusske do the same? If I can find a no-prize lying around the Marvel office, I'll probably send one to these gentlemen for the most interesting typos of last issue: namely, "pubed by Kusske" and "pissible undersirable." Lovely, lovely. Now I KNOW I'll have to keep my membership up.

Now to a few other comments on the remarks of my fellow K-alphans:

Jerry Bails: How dare you let a whole issue go by without your doing at least a couple of pages? Actually, of course, I understand that you now feel this is the only way you can keep K-a going; just the same, the best issues are always the Bails issues.

Don and Maggie T.: Thank Alley for you two, anyway. Eight pages of the Thompsons is worth a month's wait any day. I agree that John Severin's art was little influenced by Kirby except in lay-out. I'm sorry to report that Severin (whom I never got to meet) is too busy with his other commitments to continue the Shield series; however, around the Marvel office, we have his fantastic sister Marie Severin as one heckuva consolation prize. She's half our color department, among other things--and one of the most volatile, humorous people it has ever been my good fortune to meet. She does caricatures of herself, Flo Steinberg, and me almost every day; I have never seen better, considering the rapidity with which she turns them out. A Hulk cartoon she did one day--which I consider the best super-hero cartoon I have ever seen, by the way, averaging up idea plus execution--will probably be the back cover of AE-10.

Marie worked for E.C., as you (Don and Maggie) doubtless know. She mentions, though, that she got to the point where she refused to work on the SUSPENSTORIES mags as being in too poor taste. Can't say I blame her, tho, as you point out, E.C. had a lot of good with the bad. It's too bad CREEPY's percentage isn't closer to E.C.'s in that regard. I regret my statement in AE-9 referring to CREEPY as "unreadable trash," as I think it tended to make me sound as if I thought mine was the final word on the subject--when all I really meant to say was, "I didn't like it." I did, tho, rather like Jim Warren, its publisher, with whom I got involved in a friendly skirmish on the Sunday night panel at the con and who, on one of the occasions while I was making a fumbling verbal point, reached over, "drew" an X on my back, and calmly inserted an imaginary dagger. It's hard to dislike a guy like that.

I agree about the terrible spellings and typings, except that--as you probably know--the non-capitalized spelling of "Negro" is becoming increasingly common. I expect to see it considered correct before long--and I don't intend to lead a march to refute the point.

I too am shocked that JGB has not heard of GRIT. For shame.

Thanks for coming out against people who pay for mags (zines, that is) one week and expect them the next. Considering that AE-8 came out in March sometime, this issue (# 9) came out only a few weeks late--and would have been right on time except that, once I left the St. Louis area, my Missouri printer went out of his mind, stalled on the job, did a mediocre issue, and lost my account. Anyway, I've had letters already claiming AE was two months late and like that. I just ignore them. Eventually they get their issue and, if they don't want any more, it was still a free country last time I put on my glasses. I lowered myself once to argue thru the mail with a character named Tom Jones; no more. Non-productive.

I agree on the endorsement of the Academy. It's not that I am especially against the Code (they catch a lot of our spelling errors, for one thing); but I am against endorsing. And, anyway, what's the difference? The Academy's endorsement would mean little to Len Darvin, I'm sure.

Glen Johnson: Tough luck about Derrill. Knowing the guy personally, I thought he was more considerate than that. His curt letter to Biljo White, claiming he would not publish TCR and would throw any more fannish mail in the wastebasket, was unforgivable unless there was some family tragedy. I was relying on him for 20+% of AE-10, much of which was finished, and never even received a note except thru Biljo.

I hope that you, Glen, will join Jerry, Paul Gambaccini, and me in supporting David. There's no one in fandom in a position to do a better job--especially now that he has access to an electric typewriter!

In regards to your K-a comments, I must say I think there are too many divisions in the Alleys now, without adding a "best revived hero of the year." After all, let's remember that most pros don't really care about the Alley polls, and I seriously doubt if any of them will cry if the Spectre edges out Nukla next year--or vice versa. The Alleys are and were meant to be "by the fans, of the fans, and for the fans." Period.

At this point, quite seriously, I want to go on record as saying that, by and large, you did a great job on TCR these past moons, and I think comics fans owe you a resounding vote of thanks. Stick around fandom, tho--if nothing else, your successor will need advice!

Kent Russell: Never mind the popularity polls. The facts are that Marvel's sales have doubled in the past five years, 1965's estimated income/about 20% higher than 1964's (despite lingering circulation problems), and the end is hardly in sight. I may be wrong, but I think Marvel's going to continue to grow in coming years. Mort Weisinger's statement about selling 7 million (a month, I think he meant) to Marvel's one million was, to say the least, a gross overstatement--one of a number he made at the con. (But you don't think I was gonna stand up and refute him at that time, do you?)

And I like Iron Man. I even bought the t-shirt. But, then, I bought all the t-shirts. Discount and all that. Too bad the CBS-TV film wasn't used; I was interviewed in my F4 shirt as an honest-to-gosh fan("I belong to the M.M.M.S.," he said marvelously).

Pete Jackson: Like row up, fella. So Jerry forgot to give you credit for the cove[r]. So does this prove he's founded a secret league against you or some[thi]ng? And, for Pete's sake (pun intended--re-read carefully), lay off [th]e heavy swearing and profanity. I'm not squeamish either linguist[ic]ally, religiously, or sexually--as even casual acquaintances are us[ua]lly swiftly aware. However, I know what I like to see in a zi[ne] and the first paragraph of your "Comments and Gripes" definitely [do]'t it. Let's face it, you just don't know how to swear gracefully. Maybe you could take lessons from Jerry, Don Thompson, or any of several other fans I know. I mean hell. I've got nothing against swearing, but don't do it as if it were a disease.

The above is given in a friendly spirit; heaven knows, I don't want to start a feud , and what little correspondence I've had with you has been agreeable enough. I just want to want to read your stuff, and just now it leaves a foul taste in my mouth. Dig?

Tom Sampson: Since you sent several letters complaining about non-receipt of AE-8 before getting it, I'm doubly glad you enjoyed it. Good luck with THE WEB-SPINNER, but don't count on being allowed ad space in the Marvel (or any other pro) comics, even if you did want to pay for it. Company policy and all, or I'd have looked into advertising AE that way. Maybe I'm just prejudiced, but it seems to me as if fandom needs more fanzines like the Hulk needs vitamin pills--why don't you become a contributor instead?

And thanks for suggesting that Charlton might become number two company with my help, tho, as you can see, it'll have to be because of David and Tom Fagan, not this little Marvel maniac. In fact, I'm not even proud of the two stories I did for Charlton, as I hadn't corresponded enough with Pat Masulli at that time to know what he wanted, and I didn't realize then the extent to which he wishes his mags to emulate Stan's stuff.

Rick Weingroff: Reading your recent work in K-a--and even more because you were David's and my guest after the con--I become the sadder that I never read any of your early work in RB-CC or SLAM-BANG (even the article in # 1 that beat me out--deservedly, I'm sure--for the Alley). Well, be it here announced that if I can't lick 'em, I sign 'em up! Don't forget, Rick, you promised me an article for AE10; late September is the absolute deadline, and I'm holding you a space. And, whether you like it or not, it'll be illustrated. Heh heh heh.

John Ryan: Forgive me, friend. I've honest-to-Alby been so busy I haven't had a chance to write the long letter you deserve, so I've held off entirely. I do want, as you read in AE-9 by now, I hope, that Aussie comics article, on the super-heroes who were wiped out by the influx of American comics--but I'll probably want Biljo to do the illos except for pro ones. Brosnan's style is fine and all that, but not the type which I feel will capture the style of the originals closely enough. Still, you might send illos along, and I'll use them if I can. And, I promise--I'll write soon!

FINAL THOUGHT: (to central mailer) I go along with your proposals for handling K-a, but I wish they weren't presented in company with a veiled threat to bow out if they aren't met. One apa is quite enough for comics fandom just now, thank you.

Bestest, Roy T.

RETRIBUTION

FICTION - By HOWARD KELTNER

He paused momentarily in his running to gaze about his surroundings and to listen for sounds of his pursuers. His breath was coming in short, laborious heaves and he could feel his strength waning. Ahead of him the deep, dark swamp brooded menacingly, waiting for him to forget himself for the fraction of a second. One mis-step would be his last and he would be swallowed up into oblivion.

The eerie silence was broken by the first faint cries of his pursuers. Jed Hawkins, the sheriff, would be leading them; and there would be Luke and Joe, brothers of the dead woman, Harriet - raging and blood-thirsty on the trail of Mike Morgan, suspected of strangling their sister. Then there would be Harry Johnston, and Dan Bailey and Leo Wilcher, neighbors and distant kin - and equally raging and blood-thirsty on the trail of a man who killed coldly and without passion.

When they came upon him - if they came upon him - there would be nothing left but the judge's sentence, hanged by the neck until dead. Or they might not wait for the judge's sentence. In any case - death.

Mike Morgan was not ready to die.

He had to go on. He had to summon the last of his strength and lure his would-be captors to their own deaths. He could do that. He knew the swamp - or he knew it as well as any living man could know its fetid, miasmic horror.

He had rested too long. He heard a shout, dangerously close; then the whine of a bullet streaked past his head and chunked heavily into the trunk of a dead tree. He bent his head low and slogged on, frantic now, terror a new part of him, together with the uncanny half-light of late afternoon closing rapidly into night.

A sixth sense warned him, and he stopped in his tracks. Directly ahead in the saffron-colored gloom the ground shaped itself into a smoother pattern. Dead, matted moss and course grass the color of cornsilk belied what lay beneath it.

Mike Morgan felt his lips twist in a thin smile of triumph as he reached for the lower branches of a tree, and with the nimbleness of a monkey, swung across the ten feet of deadly bog. He turned, listening, peering, and another bullet whiffed by and disappeared into the darkness ahead. He waited, listening to the louder cries, the triumphant shouts - then to the new cries: terrified, anguished; screams pleading help. He turned again and slogged methodically ahead into the deepening gloom.

It must have been hours now since the shouts behind him ceased.

The pursuers were dead - or at least they were no longer pursuing. There was plenty of time to pause, to wait, to listen. There was only the absolute silence of the stagnant swamp. There was only death and deadness and the terrible quiet around him. It was the quiet that made him go on when he was weary enough to drop. He was chilled; he had traveled uncounted miles through water above his ankles; his stomach was a steady pain of hunger; his bones ached - but he had to go on, the squshing of his sodden feet the only sound and his only comfort in the dismal, lonely land.

Rotting ferns and matted moss were trampled briefly in his wake. A vague mist hovered over dead tree trunks and vine-entangled cypresses, and the loneliness was so overwhelming that he welcomed the thin, distant shriek.

He waited, his face lifted, but the sound did not come again. He started on - and stopped, cringing in terror as the half-light caught the shape of a great snake uncoiling toward him. He heard himself scream; then he stopped as the shape wavered delicately, then resumed its place among the other branches of a giant fern. He leaned against a tree and his body shook, despite the hot wetness of the swamp.

He didn't know how long he had been aware that she was following him. He only knew that for hours he had been alone, and then he was no longer alone, and in the new state terror stalked over the swamp and drove him onward without rest or pause. He wasn't even sure when or how he knew it was she, but he knew. There was the sense of her, and then, very gradually the dim light sometimes over his shoulder when he turned, fearfully, to gaze behind him; sometimes ahead.

It was diffused at first, and now here, now there; then it was a little to his left, and then directly ahead, and it was growing stronger.

He heard her then. He heard her thin, childish voice calling his name over the swamplands. "Mike. Mike Morgan. Come, Mike. Mike Morgan..."

His breath sobbed in his throat as he turned, dodged and ran, his feet thrashing and squshing with the sound she had made when she died. Fern fronds reached and caressed his neck raspingly, even as the rope in his hands had caressed her neck when he tightened it.

"Mike! Mike Morgan...Mike..." thin and eerie as the swirls of poisonous mist rising from ancient decay.

The light was before him now, gleaming and wavering among the sinuous strands of hanging moss, beckoning, luring. He must not go that way!

Again he turned, plunging in a new direction. It was his first mis-step. His voice, sounding an animal cry, knew it before his brain sensed the sucking of the quicksand bog around his legs, drawing him downward to his knees, while his arms flailed upward and out, fingertips brushing a low-hanging cypress branch.

A primitive desire to live gave him the strength to wrench his body upward and backward while his upflung arms reached and groped, reached and groped until his fingers, then his hands grasped the saving branch, and he clung, resting a second before he began the tortuous process of dragging his leaden legs from the bog.

The whisperings started then, while the mists swirled in weird patterns, and just behind him the light was growing even brighter. The branch to which he clung murmured, "Death. Death to Morgan. Death." The oozing sands reluctantly releasing him whispered, "A life for a life, Mike Morgan."

No, no, no! From the wells of some locked vault of power he summoned grotesque strength to hand-walk the cypress branch to its inner limits and drop exhausted to firm ground.

Laughter bubbled from him. The halcyon stillness of the night-covered swamp was rent by the shrieking laughter of the depraved creature on its bawdy bosom. "Death, eh? Ho-ho! Hello, Death; where are you now, hey? Come and get me, Death! Let me see you try!"

He had forgotten about her - until he saw the white light again, coming toward him, and this time he was powerless to move. "Mike... Mike Morgan!" - still in the thin, childish cry, while he cowered to the slimy ground, quaking in terror long moments before he dared lift his gaze...

And the light exploded! A million sparks rained down before his starting eyes. Then she was there - in white, waving cloth, her face dead white against the ebony of her hair. Her eyes were closed. Under silky lashes were the dreadfully foreboding, dreadfully silent closed eyes.

His gaze stayed paralyzed upon them while he dragged his leaden body to his knees. Slowly, slowly the eyelids opened, and he opened his mouth to scream, but no sound came - because behind the lovely eyelids lay --- nothing. Only empty space, and silence, and the horror of the dismal swamp looked back at him.

Lunging to his feet, his mind already gone, he turned and thrashed blindly to the sucking, beckoning bog, heeding its murmuring whispers as it closed cunningly in on him. "Death to Morgan. A life for a life." Cold, hollow laughter echoed and reverberated throughout the swamp's dark, despotic regions.

LOOSE TALK (No. 3) BY HOWARD KELTNER

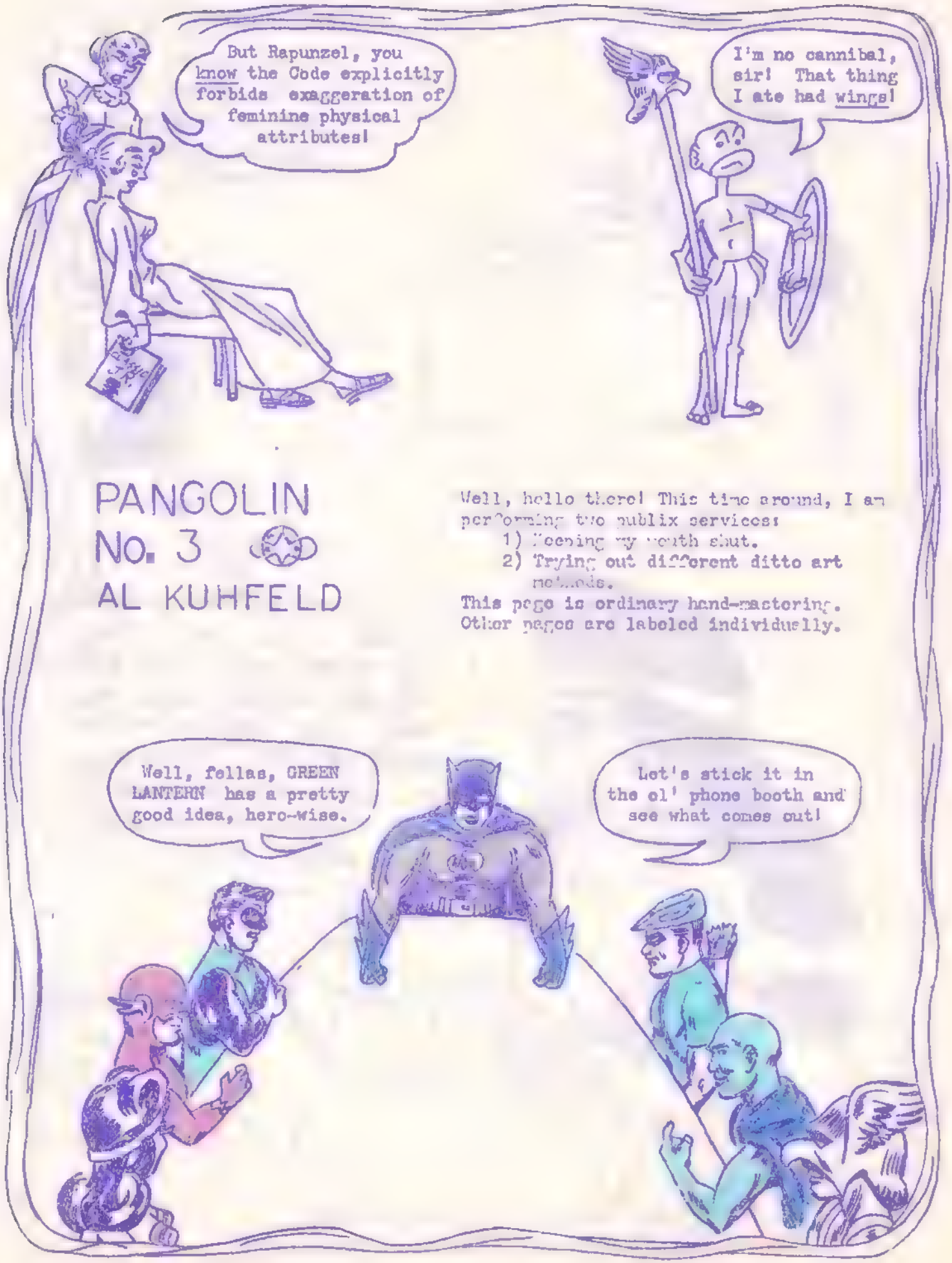
In case someone might accidentally be interested, the foregoing story was written in 1949, though not in its present form. At that time I was fairly active in science fiction fandom, submitting stories and opinionated articles, mostly in defense of space opera. Anyway, I submitted this story to Franklin M. Dietz, editor of a zine called SCIENCE, FANTASY, & SCIENCE FICTION, or something like that. I never heard a word from him. Months passed, stretching into years, and still nothing. Gradually, I became less interested in science fiction, especially fandom, because of the endless squabbles constantly going on. Finally, in 1954, the story was published in the last issue of Frank's zine (and he must own the all-time record for time between issues). Believe it or not, I still had the original manuscript stashed away in all my junk, and when I compared it with the published version I nearly had a fit. Frank had cut out about a 3rd of the story and mutilated the rest of it. Well, that did it; I was finished with stf fandom for good. But I kept the zine, because it contained some very good fan art. Recently I called Russ Manning's attention to the fact that he had some art in the same issue, some of his earliest stuff. At his request, I gave him the issue, because my story was certainly nothing to induce me to keep it. The effort you see on the preceding pages is an attempt to restore the yarn to its original form, as well as I can remember it, and to incorporate improvements - I hope - in the writing.

I like to write straight fiction, and used to do quite a lot of it. I've often wished I'd saved some of the better manuscripts to redo now. Perhaps I can get back into the swing of it through the pages of K-Alpha, since its format is so flexible. Be forewarned: my next effort is just liable to be a western, of all things. I have a fondness for this particular kind of story and find it easier to write than any other. While on the subject of westerns, here's an aside to:

ANDY ZERBE - RANCH ROMANCES is still being published. It's the only periodical outside of the comics that I buy regularly. You're right- the stories continue to be above average.

DERRILL ROTHERMICH - Oops, I most certainly didn't mean to imply that the modern counterparts of Superman and Wonder Woman are better than the old versions, though I've never liked WW. I was trying to say that if the JLA were replaced by the JSA, it wouldn't make too much difference to me which versions of some of the characters were used (i.e., Hawkman, Flash, and GL), and I don't think I meant to imply the inclusion of the above-mentioned pair in any case.

JERRY BAILS - I'm in favor of all the proposals for revision you make except the first one. I have a hard enough time meeting my quota when Mailing Comments receive full credit.


But Rapunzel, you know the Code explicitly forbids exaggeration of feminine physical attributes!
I'm no cannibal, sir! That thing I ate had wings!

PANGOLIN No. 3

AL KUHFELD

Well, hello there! This time around, I am performing two publix services:

1) Keeping my mouth shut.
2) Trying out different ditto art methods.

This page is ordinary hand-mastering. Other pages are labeled individually.

'LL I GET OF THAT KU FELD--I'LL TEACH HIM TO MAKE JOKES ABOUT WOMEN!
AND I TELL YOU, STEVE, I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH NERVE! WHY, SHE ACTUALLY ... AND WHAT'S MORE.... OH, AND IF YOU'RE GOING BY THE PENTAGON, YOU CAN PICK UP....AND NOT THAT, OH.... BLAB BLAB BLAB.... YAK....
PASTEUP-- REPRO'D BY THERMOFAX

TEST SHEET

BAD ERASURE

BLANK

BLACK

RED

BLUE

GREEN

YELLOW

#2 PENCIL SHADED LT. TO HEAVY

MAGIC TAPE

NEEDLE MARK

16 TO 32½ LINE SCREEN

50 TO 52½ LINE SCREEN

FINE LINE-TONE SCREEN

FINE PROJECTION SCREEN

SOLID + WHITE SHADING

COARSE CHALK LINE SCREEN

CHECKED FABRIC SCREEN

WHITEPRINT ON SOLID BLACK

ZIP SHADING (WHITE)

VELOX CROSS HATCH

00 - RAP

1 - RAP

1½ - RAP

3 PENCIL -- SHARP

3 PENCIL -- DULL

2 PENCIL -- SHARP

2 PENCIL -- DULL

BRUSH - X-SMALL

BRUSH - RANDOM SHADING

WHITE OVER BLACK

BLACK ON MAGIC TAPE OVER WHITE OVER BLACK

OILY SMUDGE

RESOLUTION TEST (SEE ORIGINAL)

PAPER PRINTED ON

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ (heavy)

The TRUTH about flying saucers!

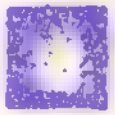
"... nothing but stars and balloons..." U.S. Air Force

THERMOFAX
with XEROX
intermediary

TEST SHEET THERMOFAX WITH XEROX

BAD ERASURE

BLANK


BLACK

RED

BLUE

GREEN

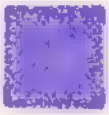
YELLOW

#3 PENCIL SHADED LT. TO HEAVY

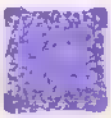
MASK TAPE

NEEDLE MARK

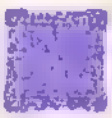
10 TO 12½ LINE DIP

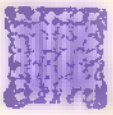

10 TO 12½ LINE DIP

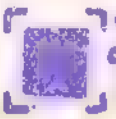
FINE LINE-LOVE DIP


FINE REDACTIONS DIP

SAME AS WITH SHADING


COARSE REDACTIONS DIP


CONFUSED SHADING DIP


WHITE ON SOLID BLACK

DIP BACKING (DIRTY)

NEEDLE CROSSHATCH

00 - RAP

1 - RAP

2½ - RAP

3 PENCIL -- SHARP

3 PENCIL -- DULL

2 PENCIL -- SHARP

2 PENCIL -- DULL

BRUSH - X-SMALL

BRUSH - RANDOM SHADING

WHITE OVER BLACK

BLACK ON MASK TAPE OVER WHITE OVER BLACK

ONLY SMUDGE

RESOLUTION TEST (SEE ORIGINAL)

PAPER PASTED ON

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ (heavy)******ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ(light)

Thermofax masters are helpful, convenient, and treacherous. If you contemplate using them, my results might be of interest. The two methods I used (Thermofax by itself, and Thermofax with a Xerox copy as an intermediary) may seem similar, but differences do exist--especially in terms of what is acceptable copy. One point they share: when you have a good piece of art copy, it will be a neatly-inked piece of artwork which can also be used for photo-offset, electric-stencil mimeo, Xerox-multilith, or similar processes. This gives you flexibility--you can do the art first, and then decide how to print it.

But just any neat, inked art won't do. There are rules and tricks to be observed and used; for instance, all art must be final-size, and both methods tend to blur details.

A Thermofax spirit-master is prepared with a standard Thermofax machine. The master unit itself is translucent. The art is placed with its ink-side in contact with the dye sheet of the master unit, and the pair fed thru the machine. They are taken around a roller and past a very hot line source of light: the light shines through the master unit onto the art. Carbon on the art absorbs light and becomes hot. This heat is transferred to the dye sheet and causes the dye to go over to the master. The master obtained is thin and delicate, and not nearly as long-lived as a regular ditto master (but will last for around 100 copies).

THERMOFAX MASTERS, then, have three limits upon acceptable copy. First, things get very hot. Thus, Zip-a-tone is not acceptable--it has a low-temperature adhesive and will come off inside the machine, messing things up and getting the operator very mad at you. A pattern sheet with high-temperature adhesive must be used. Since the heat absorbed by the India ink must be transferred to the dye sheet, only carbon on the surface of the artwork will register. Detail inside of a shaded area must be on top of the shade pattern. This means a matte-surface pattern should be used, to take ink. I have had good luck with BLU-ZIP MATTE, which costs the same as zipatone but has heat-resistant adhesive. Note that on pages 2 and 3 the zip patterns came out better than everything else!

Second, since the art goes over a roller of small diameter ordinary paper must be used--drawing board is verboten. Pasteups must be pasted securely or they may slip and cause blurring (note the face of the girl in the upper right of page 2--this is a badly-blurred pasteup for just that reason).

Third, a good deal of detail is lost in the process. For some unknown reason, Blu-zip matte comes through nicely, but other things do not. The process appears to like Higgins Super Black ink much better than ordinary India ink, probably because of the higher carbon content of the former.

Acceptable copy for direct THERMOFAX production of spirit-masters is upon ordinary paper or, preferably, tracing paper. (On pg. 2 Wonder Woman is on tracing paper and came through best. This could be attributed to either the transparency or the slickness of tracing paper.) Where pasteups are used they must be securely fastened--hence, if the pasteups

are of your own art, it might be best to do layout or pencils on an ordinary sheet of paper, then (re-)ink over this on tracing paper. Any colored pencil will not show on the master, but blue is preferable since it is nonreproducing on photo-offset as well. Ziptone should be BLU-ZIP MATTE or equivalent, and any lines within or on the borders of the shaded region should be inked on top of the ziptone. Large black areas come out perfectly; fine lines and small detail (especially detail close to other lines or white detail surrounded by black) tend to blur and wash out. A bold style of drawing is best, with few areas of fine detail. Typing will not reproduce unless it is crisp and very black--if you can't use carbon-on-plastic ribbon (usually available only on office electric typers) try fresh, thin carbon paper with the typer set on "stencil" and nothing over the carbon paper.

XEROX copies can be run thru the Thermofax machine, since the Xerox image is composed of carbon. Xerox will copy everything the eye can see in your art, including colored pencil and printing showing thru from the other side in a newspaper-clipping pasteup (see the little Martian on page 4; the mess is showthru, and is only a fraction of what it was before I cleaned things up). Things must be neat here. Xerox does not bend, fold, or mutilate your art; pasteups, any kind of ziptone, drawing board are acceptable--you can lean on a Xerox machine and come out with a good picture of your hand. This non-damaging feature is ideal for reproducing excerpts from books and magazines which you want to preserve. Xerox does nicely on almost all kinds of art except large black areas, which will end up with a white center. Even thick brush lines fade in the middle. You can touch up this fading with a brush and India ink, but this can get pretty hairy if the black areas are complicated. Xerox takes line drawings with simple, uncomplicated areas of black best; these can be filled in with little trouble. White is a difficulty--Xerox has "static", giving little black spots and streaks scattered about. They aren't too annoying, and a quick touch of white ink or tempera will get rid of the worst. Typing comes out quite well on the Xerox copy, as does ziptone. Although it looks good on the Xerox copy, it will not come out on the thermofax master! If I may be allowed an unproven theory (the school owns the machine, and won't let me experiment), it is probably due to the rough grade of paper used in the copier. Xerox will copy on any kind of paper, and if you can do so with the machine you use, try slick paper. Xerox copies on the proper material make perfect multilith masters; this paper is slick and probably stocked by the people who own the machine. It should give a good Thermofax ditto master.

Acceptable copy for THERMOFAX WITH XEROX is any neat artwork with simple line drawings and uncomplicated black areas. The only ziptone pattern that will come through the process decently, however, is 10% dot pattern, 32½ lines to the inch. This process should be avoided unless for some reason you can't run your copy through the Thermofax machine directly (magazine articles, for instance) or you wish to have quite a bit of typing closely coordinated with the illustrations.

It should be noted that the master units for Thermofax aren't worth a hoot for normal methods (typing, drawing directly upon them) tho a hot needle would probably work for adding detail afterwards.

A NOTE about the test sheet used to make the masters for pages 3 and 5. The categories bad erasure, magic tape, needle mark, needle crosshatch, zip backing (dirty), oily smudge, and paper pasted on were intended to see how various mutilations, smears, and repairs of the art came out. They are self-explanatory except for the two needle categories. A zip-cutting needle was used to score the paper heavily in these places, to see what a furrow in the copy would do. The four color squares in the first column were filled in with heavy colored pencil. 00-, 1-, and 2½-RAP refer to Rapidograph drawing pen sizes. The numbers after the pencil lines are the hardness ratings of the pencils. The squares, borders, and lettering were done with a 2½ Rapidograph filled with India ink. The squares were filled with whatever the label to the right describes. I hope you can read the labels....

* * * * * *

And NOW what do I say? I promised to keep my mouth shut, so I'll not editorialize like usual. I have drawn so many pictures this time around that I am temporarily sick of them. You would go to sleep with any more description of Thermofax. I think I'll just have a baby request-type ad, then turn things over to the ubuquitous blank space.

ad

I want:

Blue Beetle 51 (missed it, and I'm a compleatist of the most rabid sort)

Strange Tales 130, 131, 132

I am willing to pay rageous, but not outrageous, prices; or trade random middle-aged DC or non*EC horror comics. I know you'll never get rich on the deal, but I'll like you for it.

Pfennig 2 edited and written [illegible]
76255 bdn for K-a [illegible]. This is [illegible] for that
group that suffers [illegible]
the Barroom [illegible]
request) because [illegible]

[illegible]

I'd heard that phrase [illegible] the that says
It's a proud and [illegible] fan. [illegible] ly paid it
such mind within my [illegible] [illegible] as [illegible] ple repre-
sentative in the defense of the nation.

[illegible] yet I can't really [illegible]
of the word. Many [illegible] t ious [illegible]
t an fanning. The things [illegible] ing
we devised in this modern world, [illegible]
addicted to pastimes [illegible] que.

I cut out comics from [illegible]

I save them up [illegible] I [illegible]
pile on my bunk in the barracks [illegible]
snip away like crazy

How nutty can a guy get?

One can't accuse me of [illegible] be-
cause, after all, there just is [illegible] cy in
was different even before [illegible]

There was [illegible]
the first time.

"What are you doing [illegible]

"I'm cutting out [illegible]

"Why are you cutting that [illegible]

So I told him. I told him [illegible] and put them in
scrapbooks and that I knew a [illegible] on them that
it was sort of a vague dream [illegible]

"Oh," he said, and [illegible]

It hadn't bothered me a bit, [illegible] with myself for
the way I had conducted myself. [illegible]

But you must be ahead of me. Naturally, this was not the end of it. Satisfying the curiosity of one [illegible] like to [illegible] hundreds that go thru the barracks everyday. But I remembered, and this explanation was filled in my done with such exactness that I could run thru the entire conversation without missing a snip, and almost without realizing another's presence. And I must admit, with all my tolerance deep down inside of me I was just a wee bit annoyed at this estrangement from my fellow troops. I began to resent them.

Like, I am snipping away at one end of the barracks on a Sunday after-

noon. Only two other troops at the other end of the barracks, talking about cars. They're used to me. They hardly seem to notice anymore.

Another troop enteres the barracks and engages the first two in conversation. They begin talking about girls. They talk softer and I listen.

"What's that guy doing up there?"

"Oh -- that's Barr. He cuts out comics from the newspapers."

Pause. "Why does he do that?"

"I don't know....he's some kind of a nut."

I had heard this a hundred times before, and snickered inside every time. But this particular time I was to meet a curious troop with a formidable will. He digested the information from his two comrades, but I could feel he was still scrutinizing me from down the way, and I continued snipping. Ignored him.

At last he casually sauntered up the row toward my bunk.

"What are you doing there?" he asked pleasantly.

"I'm clipping out these comics from the paper," I said.

"Why are you doing that," he asked. Still pleasantly.

So I explained, even more socialably than I ever had before, I thought. And I resumed my work.

He just sat there on the bunk next to mine without saying anything. But I know he was working himself up to say it. He was thinking it so hard I could read his mind before he said it.

"I think thats stupid," he said.

I looked at him. "Oh really," I said, "Well then, vertical your carcass, and motivate," say I, extending my arm archly and pointing down the aisel and 20 feet away from my domain.

After that I sorta snappyed. I didn't really snap with a roar, or anything like that. I didn't even hardly charge at all. But I sort of rebelled. Namely, I began throwing newspapers about the floor around my bunk and out into the aisle...after carefully crumpling them in huge wads.

I found that after a scant half-hour of snipping, I could completely submerge my bunk and utterly blockade the aisle from traffic. In this way I made it known that I was aware of their contempt of my idiocy and that I didn't care. I made this a habit.

Soon the whole company knew about it. People began to sort of enjoy it. When they would come into the barracks and see newspapers all over the floor and the area around my corner rapturously unkempt and cluttered, they would say, "Well, Barr's been at it again." and everyone in the barracks would laugh.

Furthermore, I positively refused to clean my barracks/messes up. Sometimes I would enter the barracks myself and scream indignantly that someone had been making a horrible mess on the floor. I pretended I was two persons. As the boys would say -- Jeez what a kick!

At last I was accepted.

People would begin bringing me papers. One fellow from Washington gave me the Seattle Times every night. I had two reliable deliveres of the Beaumont Journal. And every morning when I awoke, I'd find a copy of yesterday's Baton Rouge Morning Advocate under my bed, obvoiusly left by some shy fairy.

I snip away in contentment now.

If there is a moral to this story, I think it is this: if you're gonna be mad, don't be half odd...anything worth doing is worth doing all the way.

LATE COMMENTS TO...

JOHN RYAN- It has been, indeed, a long time since we last communicated. K-a is an excellent method to develope new acquaitancess, and renew the old. Writting for a publication is a new experience for me, and I thoroughly enjoy it. Now if I only could produce enough quality in these contributions to warrent my membership. So when we reach full membership, and acquire a waiting list, I need not worry about Agent X's guillotine and de-Capa-tation. Hopefully, time and practice will remedy this situation. // Many thanks for forwarding my name to John Brosman. We have been corresponding-trading for some time, and I hope for much more time. He is a fine fan. Think you could persuade him to join K-a? This would be a perfect method for him to develope his artistic and writting skills. // King Kong has become almost standard kiddie fare. Yet, I read recently that this classic has been banned in Australia. Can you verify this? This is hard to believe, but the opposition to Johnny Quest makes it more understandable. // I was most interested in your 3-point system against cheats. I must post letters to atleast a dozen "fans" commenting on taking such action. It is doubtful that this will produce any significant changes, but it may put a few in a sweat. It's the least I can do for them.

ANDY [illegible]- "He Done Her Wrong" is one of the favorite peices in my collection. It is an excellent example of the value of art, but it is an exception. I will admit I am attracted to a comic mostly by the art. But it must have acceptable stories and plots to retain the interest. As Agent X previously stated, the worth is dependent on the merging of both art and story.

JOSEPH WEIRLE- I hope that your graduate work will allow you the time to contribute regularly to K-a. In the short time I have seen your work you have become a favorite of mine. I especially am intrigued by the faces of the female characters.

RAYMOND MILLER- If you are doubtful of material for contribution you should concentrate on your artistic skills, with strips as the Black Scorpion.

AGENT X- With so many complimentary copies having been distributed I cant understand why more have not as yet joined K-a.

PAUL KOSLANDER- The comics from Miniscule Publications seem far superior to most others published today. But I have not been able to locate any of thesex in this area, and would appreciate your sending me their address and subscription rates.

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF RADIO REMEMBERED BY PERFORMERS"
BY NORMA NATHAN*

BOSTON-There weren't any radios but all the radio voices were there. The golden voices of the golden years of radio, the era that began in 1923 with Atwater Kent stand-up sets and ended when television became permanent living room furniture.

The voices and the people behind them were in Boston until yesterday (July 18) attending the national convention of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, the broadcasters labor union, with an A.F.L.-C.I.O. Charter. Here, there were many graceful reminiscenses of the radio era by the golden voices.

Paying respects to the golden years of network radio were radio regulars like Jay Jostyn, "Mr. District Attorney," "Champion of the People," with the lead character based upon a young, crusading Thomas E. Dewey; Clayton "Bud" Collyer, who for 14 years was "Superman" and is now mentor of TV's "To Tell The Truth" and Ken Carpenter, who sat in on "The Kraft Music Hall" with Bing Crosby for two decades.

For all of them, radio meant fun, friendship and a feeling of continuity with the world.

"We had more fun in the radio days than in television," said Frank Nelson, the round-faced, thin mustached ever-present floorwalker on the Jack Benny radio and television shows.

Nelson parlayed his drawn-out "Y-E-S" into a 22-year association with the Jack Benny show. He has played hotel-managers, airplane clerks and dispatchers on the "Azusa, Cucamonga, and Anaheim" railroad and remembers the old days "as a family time."

He says, "There was a little nucleus of people who were the Jack Benny family and then there were all the families who listened to us."

All of the characters, like Mr. Kitzel, played by Audie Auerbach, and the "Hello, Stranger" man, the voice of Sam Hearn, both now dead, were the group people associated themselves with, the Benny family.

"We had something in the timing of the show and in our entrances, we projected a kind of familiarity that people wanted and say, 'Lister, Lister,' and expected. The listeners knew that Jack would walk in and would come in with 'Yyy-ee-sss.'"

The familiarity, Nelson feels, disappeared with television, when the show went afield of characterization and introduced guest stars and specialities that bit into the spirit of continuity.

(Continued)

(*Reprinted from the Lawrence Eagle-Tribune of July 19)

The Benny show now has left television on a regular basis, with the star scheduled for live special shows in the next season. Nelson is signed for an October special. "It's not the same," he said, still smiling, the always pleasant floor-walker, even at an AFTRA convention.

One of the busiest sidemen in television, Ted De Corsia, now cast as the"bad Indian" in the Daniel Boone series with Fess Parker, described radio "as the greatest medium. It was a theatre of the mind." "With radio," De Corsia said, "the mind constructed the set, we did everything with our voices."

In radio since 1923, De Corsia appeared regularly on "The March of Time" where Westbrook Van Voorhis boomed the show open with "Time Marches On."

He was Sgt. Veile on the old "Ellery Queen" show, the Commissioner on "The Shadow," Eddie, the hackie on "Big Town" who drove crusading newspaper editor Steve Wilson, editor of "The Illustrated Press" played by Edward G. Robinson, and sobsister Lorelei Kilbourn, the voice of Claire Trevor. He said, he "played everybody" on "Gangbusters," and he appeared with Ann Thomas in a Sunday afternoon situation comedy, "Joe and Mabel." With Judy Holiday, in her own one continuous radio role, he starred in "McQuarry and His House."

"I regret," said De Corsia sadly, "that there is no pioneering any more, like we had in radio. And I regret the mediocrity of television programs. Unfortunately, we don't produce programs any more, we produce schedules."

For fourteen years "Bud" Collyer was radio's "Superman." "Those were really the great years," he said. "I was always a little sorry the way radio rolled over and played dead when TV started."

Collyer, now the host of "To Tell The Truth," starred in as many as nine soap-operas a day, including "The Guiding Light," "Young Widder Brown," "Our Gal Sunday" and "Just Plain Bill." Appearing in "The Road of Life," he met Mrs. Collyer, who played Carol Brent, wife of the troubled doctor, the main character on the show.

Collyer, an AFTRA mainstay, served four terms as national president of the union.

Another AFTRAn, Ken Carpenter, who was the famous announcer on "The Kraft Music Hall," "One Man's Family," "Chase and Sanborn Hour with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy," referred to the radio days as "the most delightful days."

"I was lucky," said Carpenter, "I had the good days in radio." The good days, "the late 30's, all through the 40's," Carpenter remembered, "radio did a terrific job holding the country together during the war." (Continued)

"The was a kind of regularity," he remembered. "On Tuesdays, there was the Bob Hope Show, on Wednesdays, Eddie Cantor, on Thursdays, Henry Aldrich. You got a feeling of solidarity, of stability in a time when the world was falling apart."

Carpenter started his own radio career in 1930, went with Bing Crosby in 1936, and announced one of the last network radio shows, "The Bells of Ivy," starring Ronald Colman in a career that paralleled the radio age.

Jay Jostyn, radio's "Mr. District Attorney" thinks of the network years fondly, but isn't sure that radio could be recreated as it was during it's golden years.

Instead, he suggests dramatic programs, serials and regular features, he spotted throughout the day on individual radio stations.

This kind of programming may be very close. A New York company has produced 250 brand new radio programs, half-hour dramatic shows, keyed for local radio.

* * * * *

"With Tongue In Cheek"-(From the editoial page of the same edition for July 19th):

Al Capp, New England's most distinguished contribution to the hilarious realm populated by comic artists, has demonstrated that he can perform effectively on both sides of the highway on which march the armies waging the President's war on poverty.

Two inhabitants of Dogpatch, the region created by Capp as the base of his operations for lampooning contemporary society, have been drafted to prove skeptical school dropouts the great benefits of joining the Job Corps. These inhabitants, Danny Driftwood and Sloppy-Belle, are the principal characters in a new comic book which will be distributed among youths who seem in greatest need of the training and schooling programs offered by the Job Corps.

While this book was in production, however, Capp's daily comic strip was delivering a devastating satire of an underlying principle in the war on poverty-taht people can be changed from messes to men merely by elevating them to a better environment.

Capp is the most effective satirist of modern cartoonists-crude and vulgar frequently but, at his best, powerful. He can shake the tinsell stuffing out of a gingham-doll scheme to remake this sorry scheme of things as thoroughly as a fox terrier can shake the innards out of a fat woodchuck.

Capp must have a lot of fun out of life, but his tongue must get numb from being stuck continually in his cheek.

* * * * *

THE WORLD of

BYALIPOW

Published by John & Jo. Wright ~ 12 Burnley Street, FAIRFIELD. N.S.W. AUSTRALIA.;

[illegible] recently received a piece of news that we felt should be passed on to APA readers and to the many BYP fanatics of [illegible] Always one with a feel for the [illegible] this intrepid South African has managed to get in the way of a [illegible] Let us quickly reassure you that he is alright (that is, if you read between the lines of his letter) but that right arm and no it is not saying "Allright" It is told to give you the full story as this letter was typed [illegible] and we feel it might be as painful typing those [illegible] keys with [illegible] become mighty tiresome however, rather than [illegible] we will give you our interpretation of what happened [illegible] this incontrovertible information proves that we were a little off the beam.

First you know, John [illegible] Sales Engineer. We don't know how many [illegible] he has sold of late but we do know that his latest trip took him to some [illegible] Port Pirie. Apparently, a hydraulic [illegible] Ex Australian Railways [illegible] from a railway truck and since John's merchandise was not due to arrive for another three days our hero decided to shift the 25 ton bastard himself. He set to [illegible] after moving it just as it was half-way off the railway truck there was a "crack" and a flash and his right arm went numb from the elbow to the fingertips. For a moment he thought he had broken it or received an electric shock. Then he saw the blood, and the hole. Ever then, the truth never penetrated our hero's brain. For Sales Engineers are noted for being hard headed. In typical fashion, old JW battled on and got the job finished...then hopped in his jalopy and drove back to town. When the better half and the better looking half of the Wright family, Coral, spotted her hubby's bloody arm, she paled appreciably. And who wouldn't she spent a considerable amount of time cleaning and polishing the living-room floor??? If any of those drops of blood got onto her carpet she'd have the devil's own trouble getting them out. Our hero then cleaned up, rang his doctor and reported to the casualty department. When the sawbones arrived (unhappy about being dragged away from his favourite Club, he probed the wound, figured either there was nothing in there or it was too deep, stitched it up and despatched last year's Alley Award winner to the X-Ray Department.

As it neared 9.00p.m., our hero spoke to Coral... "When we get the results of the X-Ray let's take in the late show at the drive-in". Always the optomist is Wrighty. The [illegible] revealed the prettiest little outline of a slug that you ever did see. Instead of taking in a late show, he took a shot of pentathol and was wheeled away to the theatre... which wasn't exactly the type of "theatre" he had in mind. He woke at [illegible] 1.00 a.m. to the roar of thunder,...which turned out to be the snores of an "alky" who was sharing his ward.

After our hero left the hospital, nursing an arm with a dozen or so stitches in his lower forearm, who could blame him for feeling that there must be easier ways of making a living.

Just what did happen, and why, is still not clear. The markings on the bullet are not very clear and the P.I. Police are investigating to find out whether it was [illegible] or if our hero was the victim of a boobytrap.

THE RYANS MEET THE PITTS

[illegible] seemed [illegible] start [illegible] time, [illegible] it [illegible] fact, [illegible] to find [illegible] apartment. [illegible] apartment [illegible] the name of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

(... they came ... the semi ... oks ... the bromides ... the print ... ...ofs ... and some of ... most beautiful artwork that has ever been seen. For our own collection, we were given quite a bit ... Thorak, plus, three pages ... containing ... prints of Captain Power & Jonny ... two panels that had been ... the censor as they had been rejected by the censor, and a page of original artwork from Thorok.

Before going any further, a word or two about Pitt's original artwork. Prior to meeting the Pitts, ... most collectors, we had dreams of owning ... armfuls of artwork ... we should have known better. Australian publishers, like their U.S. counterparts, retain all the artwork that they publish. Since they pay for it, I guess we shouldn't complain about it. However, this means that the fans rarely have ... fabric of their published work. Stan Pitt is no exception ... we were, therefore, very grateful to him for parting with this page of Thorok art ... from his personal collection. So, to those of you who were hopeful that we may have been instrumental in getting you some of Pitt's art ... we extend our sympathies ... as no comic art collection is complete without a sample of this fine art.

The Jeremy Brick comic was a projected newspaper strip, which didn't eventuate, due to a last minute decision by the Peter Cheyne/estate. To use Stan's own words on the subject, "We would have been working for peanuts." The strip was well drawn and had a distinct Joe Prentice flavour. Also, it is an unusual sight to see a Pitt comic wherein the characters are dressed in modern clothes. Unfortunately our limited artistic talents doesn't allow us to reproduce samples of the strip, but we could have a surprise, in this direction, in a future issue of WOR.

Of all the fine artwork displayed that evening, two sets stood out like beacons. The first was from an exciting new project that the Pitt brothers are hoping to launch in the next couple of months. Being privileged to be in on the ground floor of this endeavour, we find it very hard not to break into print about it. However our lips must remain sealed...for the time being. When we get the "All clear" signal from the Pitt household, you can bet your boots that you'll read about it in OMPA-alpha! If this project goes into orbit, we can assure you that it will be the biggest news that has ever come out of WOR!

The other set of artwork was from a comic called "Universal Conquest". This strip was the forerunner to Silver Starr...in fact, the very artwork that we saw was responsible for the "Sun" newspaper deciding to print Silver Starr. Once you have seen the artwork, you can well understand why. Apart from the sheer beauty of the work, it is something of a curiosity piece.....as every page is done in vibrant colour. When Stan drew these pages he was only a teenager and had a great deal to learn about the reproductions of comics. He'd always thought that coloured comics were drawn that way...that the artist drew them in full colour. Possessing no other ambitions except to be a comic strip artist, Stan set to work to painstakingly do every page in glorious colour. The dedication that went into this work would have to be seen to be believed. As if the colour wasn't enough, Stan then did every line, every dot, every speck that appeared on those pages in black ink...with a mapping pen. When we say every "Speck" we're not exaggerating the position. One page featured a number of panels containing a gigantic monster that looked as if it had stepped out of the stone age. Stan had coloured it green...and to bring out the texture of its skin, there was thousands and thousands of small dots and micro lines. One panel featuring this creature, must have meant nights of labour. All the pages were done in his spare time. As Stan said, he just couldn't put too much detail into these pages.

[illegible] of the boys involved were so fine that they [illegible] have proved so [illegible]less the page had been printed the same size; and they just don't make comics that big[illegible] of course, this never occurred to the "young" Pitt. If a line, a speck a dot was required to accentuate a curve... then in it went... And if there was dedication in his [illegible] there was just as much imagination in his colours. Not being experts in the field of reproductions, we can't help but wonder if Stan had[illegible], once again, used something that was beyond the capabilities of mere chemicals and machinery. Certainly no colour work in any comic book that we've seen could have reproduced these colours...and none them justified. These pages, also made quite an impression on Reg, as he had not seen them for many years. He gazed at them in wonder, for many moments, before recalling that they had been responsible for inspiring him to be an artist...and how often is a brother inspired by a brother?

Speaking of brothers reminds us to dwell, for a moment, on the remarkable understanding between these two men. For almost twenty years they have worked as a team...in the true sense of the word. There has never been any thought of "it has to be done my way or else..." - if one brother suggests an idea the odds are that the other will accept it without debating the point. Having worked together for such a long period each has a natural understanding for the others style. Reg is responsible for the story breakdown and lettering...and let us add they he is particularly fine letterer. His familiarity with Stan's style allows him to make a remarkably compatable breakdown of a comic page...and Stan is the first to acknowledge his brothers talents, in this direction.

Around this time, the discussion turned to money...how much did the Australian artist get for his labour? We were not unduly surprised to learn that it was, once again, in the "peanuts" field. The top money that Stan ever received was approximately 16 dollars per page for some of the later Yarmaks!!! The only way to make money, at this rate, was to really belt out the pages...and, for a period this was exactly what the Pitt boys did. Four times a week they would work right through the night, turning out 5 pages per night. Stan made no attempt to disguise the fact that they were after quick money...and they got it! Although Stan felt that this crash programme didn't really effect the quality of the finished product, we don't agree!. The Yarmaks from this "go-for-your-life" period can't compare with those done at a more leisurely pace.

Our favourite Yarmaks are those that Stan inked himself. Often, the inking was done by Frank Ashley and/or Paul Wheelahan. Of the two, we feel Wheelahan paid Stan's pencils the greater compliment. However, let us quickly add that we greatly admired much of the work done by Ashley...particularly on Silver Starr.

Before leaving Yarmak, let us correct our statement in Down Under that Frank Ashley wrote most of the Yarmak stories. Having sadly underestimated the contributions made by Reg, to his brother's comics, let us now say that Ashley wrote "some" of the stories. While we didn't go into exact details, we feel pretty safe in assuming, now, that Reg Pitt was responsible for a fair share of the stories.

Just after Midnight, Edith produced a very tasty supper...and with it came the youngest of the Pitt brothers, Ron. Unlike his brothers, Ron is not in the art game. But is a Silk Screen Printer...who's main ambition is to own a brand new Riley. Ron had driven up to Stan's place with the idea of driving Reg home. Instead it was a couple of very grateful Ryans that were his passengers when his second-hand Riley pulled away from the Pitt homestead, a little after 2.00a.m.

Naturally, the topic of conversation between supper and parting-time was comics

the earlier part of the evening, we think you can visulise how we spent our remaining time with the Pitts.

Ryans that play Host and Hostess.

HALF CREDITS -- Being Mailing Comments by John

[illegible] I'm not sure that I'd like to see Mailing [illegible] 3rd class Material. [illegible] I realise that your idea behind this [illegible] this method as a means of [illegible] obtaining back issues. However, it [illegible] that all those prepared with ulterior motive [illegible] worthwhile studying. Apart from the fact that they [illegible] they give us a valuable insight into the writer [illegible] for removed from the heart of Comicdom [illegible] "know" the various contributors. If yourself [illegible] a bigger CAPA alpha...then I'm all for it [illegible] restricted, purely to restrict members, then I can't see this [illegible] over illoes should be given double credits is [illegible] They're damn hard work and I don't [illegible] as many credits as they can get for them. One thing's for certain [illegible] too often even if you give four credits for each one. All contributions should be printed on both sides. Amen. I thought I'd been [illegible] when I saw Fred Jackson's "page for a doodler". But your contents page [illegible] me. While it doesn't matter a great deal to me what colour is used by [illegible]. I do agree that a variety of colours does help to brighten the zine. //If you feel the need for greater editorial control, then take it.// I think you've been around the scene long enough for everyone to know that there must be a definite need for this, or you wouldn't have asked. //I don't think any members will quibble about your new requirement for membership.// I'd like to hear more about your proposed fines and suspensions before I finally commit myself. Obviously, since so many members keep popping in and out of the pages of CAPA-alpha, you're having a great deal of trouble getting quite a few members to "do the right thing." I can't understand why, with all is said and done, the basic requirements for CAPA alpha are quite [illegible] and it is a little beyond me why all members can't comply. As you know [illegible] we go along with whatever you say. In connection with CAPA alpha [illegible] when it comes to levying fines and handing out suspensions, well, I'd like [illegible] a little more about what you have in mind. Could you tell us which members [illegible] to a fine - and what would cause a suspension?? How do you propose [illegible] How do you plan to get your "simple majority"?? Will it be by [illegible] votes or by comments in our contributions??!The latter could lead to a [illegible] if we only contribute once a quarter //In leaving your proposed

...ps. Let me state [illegible] that you had been [illegible] to ... point for which you have to ask for greater powers...or w... a line ... [illegible] ... this situation ... no credit or ... members who abused a relatively simple set of rules.

I'm still talking to you, Jerry Bails, but on [illegible] subject ... was ... ing to read that you plan to abandon ... or Addi... this ... like ... old friends, and Jan joins me in ... that you ... e or ... whi... read every line of "MA-...", Jan is a little more particular ... the ... ... Tracing Lis... is Addi... X ... while I agree that many of the ... you ... should appear in I... ... er that they should be ... to the property of ... zine. ... r all, ... to stop you from ... [illegible] ... risk a ... your ... ibution ... Jerry, ... he is ... ay and all of ... is ... fi... ble ... is switching ... a new type of printing ... s, it's not going to be ... to ... him to insert any last minute news, as is possible with Dit... Please ... the whole thing over...before you finally discard Addi... X.

Before winding up this little section, let me ask you a question...is it possible for Ja... and I to accumulate credits??? By law 16 states ... "back issues of ... will be ... available for sale only to members who have accumulated credits." ... Taken ... itself, that ... title sentence would indicate that we ... entitled to credits ... as it says nothing about "new members only" However, the next part of this ... law states ... "No member shall be entitled to more than one copy of an issue." Since we have all issues, this would appear to point out that even if we did accumulate credits we couldn't "spend" them on anything! It is only a technicality, I'll agree ... but I would like to clarify it. Why? Because, if it is possible for us to accumulate credits, we wouldn't mind "squandering" them to help some of the newer members to get back issues. That way, we wouldn't be breaking the rules by getting "more than one copy of an issue".

Oh, in case you're wondering why these comments are in the 1st person and not the 3rd person... it's because we thought that since we were only going to get half-credit we would only use half the Ryans.

Maggie Thompson, Stephen Burr, Pete Jackson, Derrill Rothermick, John Brosnan, Glen ...Tyson, Andy Zerbe, Doug Potter, Paul Mosiander, Dennis Hi...hard and the rest of you contributors: I had comments to make to ALL of you...but ol' Jerry has me frightened... (How's that for switching the blame???)

BESTEST,

John

P.S. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO RICHARD KYLE?

Chapter (8) [illegible] After [illegible] the tower [illegible] and Baran and Princess Nero are [illegible] the Kingdom of the Forest and Flash and Dale [illegible] the Caves but Mong did not tell. [illegible] of the Caves was never explored [illegible] men offer to help Flash.

Chapter (9) [illegible] In the Kingdom of the Caves [illegible], the Chief and Herbert [illegible] the new king.

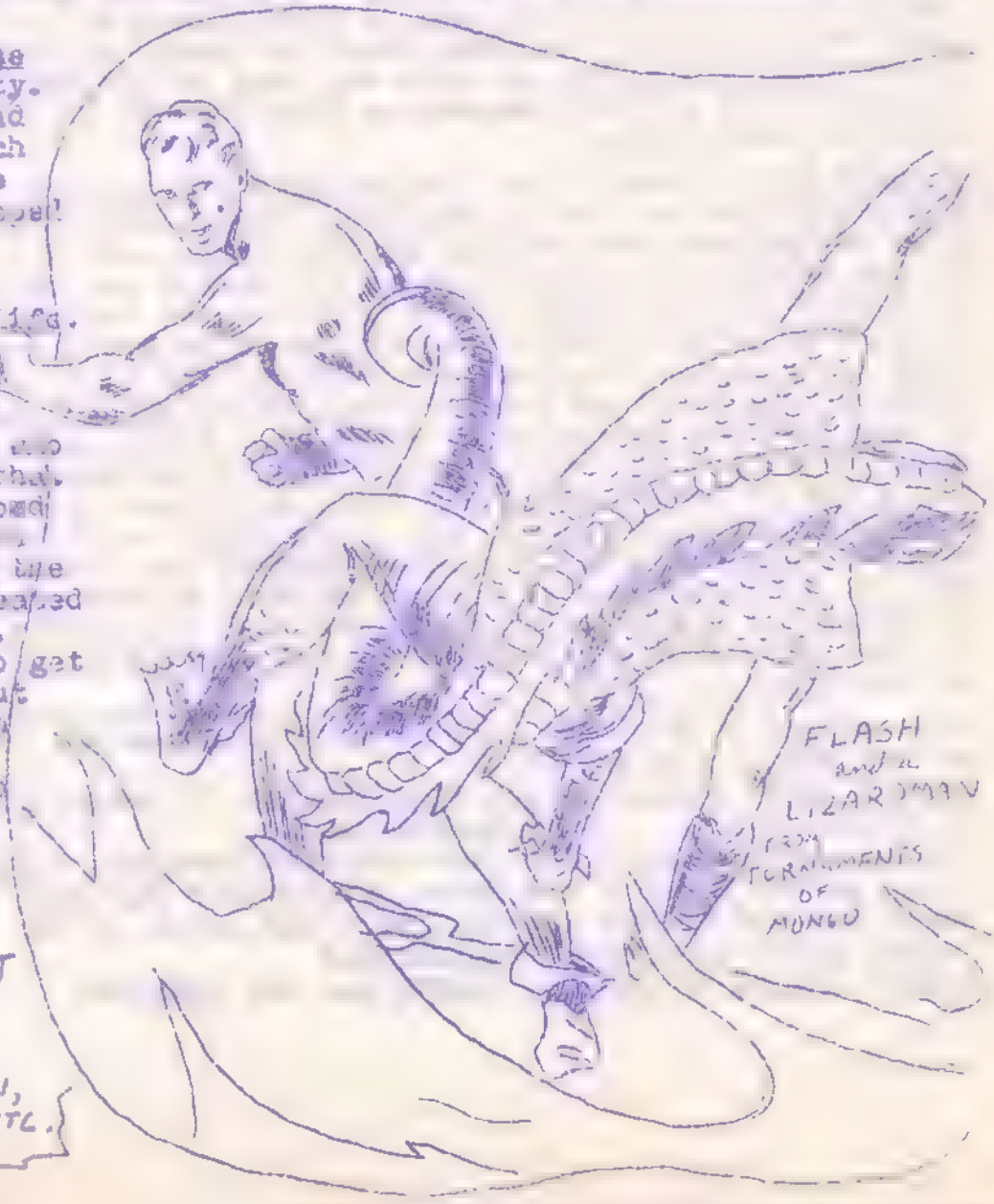
Chapter (10) [illegible] Flash & small group of Hawkmen and King's Cliff Men, [illegible] prepare to conquer the Caves.

Chapter (11) [illegible] Hawkmen. Flash and Dale went ahead where Flash was [illegible] by the Lizardmen. Dale escaped.

Chapter (12) When Dale arrived back with help, Flash and the [illegible] were gone. Flash was to be the Lizardmen's meal.

Chapter (13). The Searching Party. The Hawkmen and Cliffmen search for Flash. Dale finds his trapped in a cave.

Chapter (14). Battling For Life. Flash was taken before the leader of the Lizardmen and were unswers that. Dale had slipped Flash a gu... & Flash blasted the ruler and defeated the lizardmen. Dale wanted to get married now but something much graver came about. So ended book #3.



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their second wind. FROM K-a #10.

[illegible]: So an old friend of many years I agree 100% with you that [illegible] has captured the styles of [illegible] and really quite admirably. It is about time [illegible] to admit Anderson is the best artist in comics today and those SA team-ups prove it. I have many old tear sheets of Anderson stories and while Anderson uses the [illegible] there is not any tracing and I know Jerry will go along with that. Anderson is too good and has been too long in the business to stoop to tracing someone elses drawings. That's one of the great things that can be said about anything and if Anderson doesn't win the 1965 Alley as best artist something is wrong with fandom.

JERRY BARRY: Both [illegible] Williamson and Al Williamson are two different people. I agree that Williamson's art was the high spot of Creepy #1. You called it and he did Twin Terrors in the fifties but did you know he still does the daily Flash Gordon strip. At one time in the fifties his art on Jungle Jim and Secret Agent X-9 appeared side by side in our newspapers. I wasn't interested in seeing strips then. Al Williamson would be the youngest of the two since I saw a picture of him in the fifties and he didn't look to old then and I believe he is in the Success Story in CREEPY #1 is Williamson. As for Reynolds, well he goes way back to the thirties where he did art in All Detective Magazines. From 1940-42 he worked for the Quality Comics Group.

TO [illegible]: I really don't think BATMAN'S trouble lays in the stories themselves but in the art. I have never believed that Infantino should ever have worked on this strip. His art is more suited to the [illegible] or the future strips like Adam Strange. On Batman his art stands out to such an extent as for the other artist whom I don't know but if [illegible] has anymore to do with them besides his name being on the stories then I'll eat the next [illegible] comic. I doubt if Bob Kane has done a single story since Schwartz took over. No one can change their style that much. I believe Gil Kane would have been the better choice over Infantino. He has a swinging style and in those old [illegible] stories he spent [illegible] not panel fighting crooks. [illegible] STORIES a orphans and people [illegible] ople but now all he does is solve crimes and most of the crimes are aimed at him. Today BATMAN isn't much more then a costumed JAMES BOND. So were did the night creature of the forties go? Is BATMAN afraid of the dark?

Does anyone in K-a land know if Al Williamson did the art in JANN of the Jungle #16 and 17?
Also in what issues of ALL STAR WESTERN (I think) did Frazetta do STRONG BOW? More questions....
1. What single artist drew Sgt. Preston, Cisco Kid, Zane Grey Comics, King of the R.C.M.P and Zorro adaptations for Dell in the 50's?
2. Who was the artist and what were the dates of the TOM CORBETT, Space Cadet syndicated comicstrip?
3. What issues of POPULAR COMICS had DON WINSLOW?

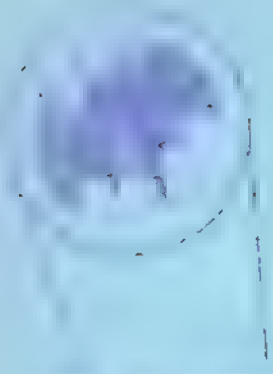
IF THE TRUTH BE KNOWN

or

"My Name is Tiger Boy!"

Somewhere today in Greenwich Village there is a small piece of notepaper; tucked away in a desk drawer along with other mementos, it is mute testimony of a famous episode in the checkered career of the man who gave life to Comicdom's most memorable cast of characters. The episode? The birth of Robin, the Boy Wonder! What name should be given to the Caped Crusader's cynical, young, pun-cracking sidekick? Both sides of the notepaper are covered with possible names--all short, snappy monikers, like Pepper, Socko, Tiger, and Wildcat--nothing as long as Batlow, Nail Bat, or Batted. No, this was to be the trade-mark for "the greatest Character Find of 1940." Only he wasn't found, he was created. Like all the other early characters of the Batman strip, in the wild hours of the morning, at the hot and imaginative typer of Bill Finger, the Silent Legend Behind the Batman!

Bill is an unassuming man, who was, by his own admission, the last to recognize his talent for writing for the new medium of the comics. Cartoonist Bob Kane was the first to recognize this talent, and immediately hired Bill to write "Rusty and His Pals" and later "The Batman." With Batman's success, Bill began working directly for DC, creating such famous strips as "Green Lantern" and "Wildcat." Batman had appeared in DETECTIVE COMICS, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1940, WORLD'S FINEST, and his own magazine BATMAN before Bill discovered that his basic story ideas were being picked up and used in other strips. At that moment it first dawned on Bill that he had an enviable talent. Sure, he realized that he could adapt the freewheeling style of the pulps to the four-color panels, and break down the action of a Douglas Fairbanks-type adventurer into a panel-by-panel description for the artist, but little had he realized that he was adding original touches of pathos that were imparting immortality to his characters. The fact that the Batman was, admittedly, inspired by the pulp hero, the Shadow, and even picked up his utility belt



from Doc Savage, does not detract one iota from the glory that is Batman's, or the recognition that should be Bill Finger's.

Bill is the man who first put words in the mouth of the Guardian of Gotham. He worked from the very beginning with Bob Kane in shaping and reshap-

[illegible] cool and [illegible] contribution to [illegible] to the final form of [illegible]'s famous costumed [illegible] Batman [illegible] to [illegible] "Bat-[illegible]" [illegible] by writer Bill Finger [illegible] [illegible] villain, the Joker, also [illegible] and [illegible] Commissioner Gordon (who appeared in the [illegible] story), Alfred, the Penguin, and the Catwoman, as well as [illegible] and sympathetic characters that made the early Batman so popular.

[illegible], been the principal Batman writer over the years, [illegible] also scripted the tales of Comicdom's most [illegible] [illegible]. Three of the earliest were Gardner Fox (who penned [illegible] tales), Bill Woolfolk, and Don Cameron. All [illegible] the top writers of the Golden Age. However, of [illegible] they authored, they received credit for only a [illegible] was the acknowledged writer-[illegible] of the Flash. [illegible], but he also wrote Batman, the Spectre, Ghost Rider, [illegible], [illegible], and the Justice Society. Bill Woolfolk's name was [illegible] primarily with his hangman tales, but he also wrote [illegible] Man, Hawkman, Sandman, Black Canary, and many others. Don Cameron was [illegible] most noted for [illegible] Terry Baker, but he also wrote and drew [illegible] tales for [illegible] Comics, and handled many another strip.

[illegible] this present [illegible] the same story for Bill Finger. While his name [illegible] on [illegible] Green Lantern and Wildcat stories, he was the [illegible] author of many favorites: Superboy, Robin's own strip, Superman, [illegible] and the syndicated Batman strip. It is also [illegible] that in the post-war period, he scripted the adventures of Captain America and Bucky, a stars-'n'-stripes version [illegible] Robin. His writing assignments at the Marvel Group [illegible] included one of the two All Winners Squad tales. Two of Bill's [illegible] Batman stories have been reprinted recently in DC's [illegible] (#5 and 12). His "Case of the Crooked Man" (in issue #12) [illegible] adventures, and, to date, is the earliest story from the Golden Age to see reprint.

[illegible] for a return to the Days of Old when Batman was a [illegible] who battled the underworld in action-packed, human interest [illegible], [illegible] if the truth be known--for the return of the Batman as created by Bill Finger!

--Jerry G. Bails

August 26, 1965

Dear Mr. Bails:

Your letter was most encouraging; thank you. It shows an understanding of the responsibilities of editorship which merely carping critics are totally unaware of. I would have answered sooner, except you caught me in the midst of my usual frantic drive to get enough inventory in to get away for a vacation; and a move to a new house...

I am happy to tell you that you must have clairvoyant powers, as quite a few of your suggestions for Wonder Woman are already in print. I'm not in the office and don't have my reference material, but I'll guess: I've gone way out on a limb with a story in Wonder Woman #158, poking fan at fandom, and promising to murder all the characters they dislike (completely disregarding the multitudes who love WW just as she is with her whole family). I've also gotten off a few private jokes in the story about utterly fantastic assertions made about me by certain highly imaginative contributors to fanzines. I've sawed off the limb with Wonder Woman #159. Comicdom has been yelping for the return to the Golden Age of Comics? All right: WW 159 (January?) makes the jump. Story and art work. And I've retold the authentic story of Wonder Woman's origin, including her birth out of clay. I've got my fingers crossed that it goes through. ((the Code)) I see no reason why not. It's told with taste. It's all there: the real, real origin, with nothing changed or added; including the use of her weapons. In Wonder Woman #160--Feb. I've brought back the inimitable Cheetah, and actually have had Wonder Woman's bracelets taken from her, with the startling effect of her running berserk. So you see, I've been anticipating your suggestions, starting a couple of issues back with the WW story told in the Golden Age style in her battle against the Brain Pirate of the Inner or Moon world.

I've always found it amusing that certain fans, in assailing me for Wonder Woman, do not realize that Mr. Marston, her creator, died many years ago, and I have been writing and editing her for about 20 years. Also: that I am the creator of some of their favorites: The Black Canary, The Star Sapphire, The Harlequin, The Rose and The Thorn, The Viking Prince, Sgt. Rock, Enemy Ace, The new Flash--but why go on? ..... Thank you again for your understanding.

Truly yours,

Robert Kanigher

RAYMOND MILLER

coming FOLL.

have said a thing....I hope.

ones may run as high as much as $10-$12.

not know what issues they are out of.

FOR.

of the later forties and early fifties?

DF EACH? ANY SIZE!

Andy Zerbe P.O. Box 6206 Montgomery, Alabama 36106
CAPA-alpha contribution # 3

40 DANGEROUS BEASTS! #0! It came as a surprise to read of Clyde Beatty's death. He was one of those persons I think of as allways being around. It's hard to realize that such a persn can die also. In spite of several oppertunities to do so I never saw his famous animal act. I've never had much interest in the circus. My reason for remembering Beatty is that years ago Isaw an old movie on TV. So long ago that I can't even remember when I saw it. Yet over the years I've allways retained a memory of the winged men who appeared in this picture wearing a sort of vaguely Roman costume. It wasn't until I saw Threen Thrills Illustrated #2 that I learned that this movie was called DarKest Africa and had starred Clyde Beatty. I recognized the winged men as soon as I saw the cover of THI #2. I'll allways remember Beatty for giving me a movie which so interested me that I can still remember scenes from it today, even through I must have seen it at least fifteen years ago. This is a great feat when you realize that I'm only 21 now. Now on with the show!

Report on Gold Key Part 2 (continued from my first K-a contribution)

Gold Key's best selling comics are The Flinstones and Walt Disney's comics and stories. I don't know much about the Flinstones since I never read any Hanna-Barbera comics. WDC&S is another story. WDC&S is an unusual comic in that it has over a 150,000 subscribers. No other comic that I know of has more then 6,000 subscribers. On second thought, there is one exception, Treasure Chest, a semi-weekly religious magazine which is not available through regular channels and shouldn't be included. If the number of comics subscribers a comic has can be used as an indication of reader support WDC&S has it, more then any other comic. Why this one comic has so many subscribers I fail to understand. Unless perhaps its because this is one of the few comics which untill recently has devoted a full page ad to let readers know of its subscription service. From the number of letters I've seen asking about subscriptions recently in various comics this could be the answer. Apparently there are many wouldbe subscribers out there among comic book readers who would be glad to subscribe to there favorite comics if they just knew how to subscribe.

It's difficult to compare Gold Key with the other comic publishers mainly because I lack so many circulation statements on the comics put out by other publishers. It is my opinion, however, that GK comics definately sell better then Charlton Comics. What publishers comics don't? They don't sell as well as DC comics. DC is definately the leader. How well they sell in relation to Archie is difficult to say. It's possible that Archie comics sell slightly better then GK comics do. It's highly probable that GK outsells all the other comic publishers, Dell, Fawcett, Harvey, and Marvel. For those of you who are interested in figures I took the effort to find out how many copies per issue the average GK comic sold. This is 264,000 copies. This is probably not bad today. On the other hand it ain't so good in comparison with the forties and the early fifties. What will the future of GK be? And thatof the other comic publishers? I don't know. I only wish I knew.

the end

Two different Spiderman Annuals are available here. One is the regular annual, the other contains 30 pages from the Thor Annual, making it a Spiderman-Thor Annual. Since some Spiderman Annuals contain stories from the Thor Annual its probable that some Thor Annuals contain stories from the Spiderman Annual. // Batman is really Doc Savage disguised as The Shadow // I'm not sure what to say about the first issues of Harvey's new line of comics. The only story in them that I really liked is "The Man in Black Called Fate" and hope to see more of him. Its been many a long year since I've seen or read an EC science-fiction or fantasy comic yet. I'd say that the sf stories in these comics seem to have been unduly influnced by EC. at least in the artwork. Either Joe Simon is imitating them in this respect or else kxthis is the type of artwork he prefers for sf stories when he edits his own comics. // Nukla makes the fourth different hero put out by the fourth different publishing company who has received his powers from a nuclear explosion. The others are Captain Atom, Doctor Solar, and The Hulk. Of these four, three of them have remarkably similar powers. Due mainly to there remarkably similar origins. By the way, a lot of people have been through nuclear explosions. How come they're the only ones who've recive superpowers from them. Technically Nukla isn't a costume hero since that's actually a high altitude pressure suit which he wears. // I spent a weekend recently looking through a stack of old pulps and I noticed an interesting differance between those put out by Street & Smith and those published by Thrilling publications. S&S tried to give the impression that all their series stories were written by the same author, such as Kenneth Robeson for Doc Savage, Maxwell Grant for the Shadow, and so on. Thrilling Publications too seems to have felt differently about this. They didn't mind admitting that different writers wrote the stories for their series pulps and even allowed the various writers to sign their names. One of the major controversies in the letter columns appears to have been over who was a better writer for a particular series. // I hope to attend my first con soon. On August 6, 7, and 8 the Deep South Con III will be held in Birmingham, Alabama. If I can manage to get off work I plan to attand all day Saturday. The only problem is that everybody seems to want this particular Saturday off. Fortunately since I was the first one to ask to have this day off I have a chance. If any comic fandom is around I'll let everyone know next time around. // While recording the latest issue of Combat in my record book I was surprised to see that it was #17. This means that it has lasted 18 issues, counting the two number 8's, or four and a half years. It's difficult to realize that the Dell-GK split occurred so far back, All their new comics seem to have been around so long. Actually, I didn't think that any Dell comic would last as long as Combat has considering the high mortality rate of their comics. // Looking through my collection of Lone Ranger comics I noticed that the story "Across the Canyon" in Lone Ranger #72, June 1954 is an adaptation of the story "Heritage of the Plains" from the September 1937 issue of The Lone Ranger Magazine. The comic book version has been cut considerably and altered slightly but, it's the same story. I wonder if any of the other stories from The Lone Ranger Magazine were adapted for the comics! Some paperback publisher ought to reprint these old Lone Ranger stories. I'm sure they would go over well.

SOUNDING OFF

DAVID A. KALER, P.O.BOX 202, COOPER STA., N. Y. C. 10003

I'm beginning to feel like a human being again. I have found a little time to keep to myself lately. And I had better take advantage of it as much as I can. I have a funny feeling that I will be getting very busy the next few weeks.

The ComiCon has been over for about a month now, but I'm still getting letters about it. One of the first that I received was from a ten year old. It was a simple little letter of two sentences. The first thanked me for putting on a good con and the second asked me how soon I would be putting on the next one. I felt good about the first but a bit leary of the second. I'll let a year roll by before I even consider getting started on it. I'm only human, or am I, you know!

The NEW YORKER published a nice piece about the Con. It made me some mild form of a celebrity at my office and amongst my friends. Some people keep asking to read the article again. It is getting to the point where I'm offering them a copy of the New Yorker autographed and cheap. No one has taken me up on it yet, I wonder why.

I'm rambling on about anything and everything right now. I want to get this done so that I can get back to work on my next strip for Charlton. Roy Thomas did me a great favor by going to work for Marvel. He left an unfinished assignment open at Charlton. I took his small synopsis and wrote up a whole strip for the Son of Vulcan. He looked it over, made a few changes here and there, and then sent it to Charlton. And they bought it! Now I have another script to do for the Blue Beetle. Kaja Pha, anybody!

Reading material is popping up right and left these days. I can't pass a book store without finding something that I want to read. Last week it was a reprint of "The Gladiator" and "Anton York, Immortal." This week there was "Adam Link" and "The Hunter Out of Time." And only Thursday I found an old "Black Book Detective" at an out of the way book store. And I keep interrupting other jobs to pick it up and read the Black Bat novel that appears in it. (If I am lucky this week, I will be receiving a batch of Dime Novels. Someone promised to bring me a few tomorrow.)

Items about comics are popping up in many different places this month. ESQUIRE runs a four page strip called "Cal Kid" by Chic Stone in the new issue. And on page 97, the Hulk and Spiderman keep company with such notables as Stanley Kubrick, James Bond and Bishop Pike. (Sci-Fi Bugs shouldn't miss the article by Asimov on 113.)

EVERGREEN REVIEW showed up with Barbarella in it. She is the lovely strip that I mentioned a few months ago in my column. This Comic Strip isn't for kids they say. But I can bet that most of it has been seen by the kids at the local cinema. The James Bond and Rock Hudson movies have a lot of the same material and it all spells SEX!

LIFE for August 20th has an article on Pop Culture. There is some mention of comics and radio shows. On one page they superimposed the author's head on the Flash Gordon pop art poster. It now looks like Prince Valient wearing the wrong costume.

The item about comics in Family weekly for August 1st was part of a regular feature called "What in the World!" It mentions that National is now on the S[illegible] Exchange and that old comic book heroes are enjoying a revival in popularity. The Academy was even mentioned!

The article on Billy Placzek in GRIT doesn't read like the story that I heard of how he acquired his collection. Don't know where they got their information but the only part of the article that comes off as authentic are on Jerry Bails and the Academy! Amen!

CAVALIER ran an article on the Marvel Comics Group. The author spent weeks at their offices gathering information and reading the books. He might have spent it at a nudist colony for all that the piece has to say. He has three or four pages of very little except the sounds made in the action panels and the fact that Superman lives in Gotham! And he never once mentions Stan Lee! By the Hoary Hosts of Hoggoth!

I've been receiving comics by the handful these days! I've found some great, some otherwise. But to add some thought to what others think, here are some comments by someone who reads them all! Whewww!

That 25¢ book from Tower, T.H.U.N.D.E.R. A gents looks like winner once they put more story into the book. Wally Wood is trying to sell it on ART alone and I won't buy that! If it were all Reed Crandall, then I would. But even the NoMan series is supposed to be dropped by the third issue to give more space to Dynamo and the Thunder Squad. So if you want more of NoMan and Menthor, then I suggest that you write Tower soon!

Murray Boltinoff has found a new winner in the Brat Finks strip. It is the first WALL-TO- WALL FAMILY and appears in the Fox and Crow book. If you are looking for laughs then I suggest that You buy this!

The Ultra strip set to appear in Mystery in Space is nothing. Lee Elias did a good job on illustrating it, but the story is ill. Here is a man that loses his own identity and is given a freaks body. Not once does he feel that Fortune has slipped him a fast one. He just knows that he can never return to normal and decides to become a crime fighter. Let this stay at the store unless you like Space Ranger or [illegible] Infantino art.

KAnigher gave Russ Heath the latest Haunted Tank strip to do. It is beautiful to look at and the story read well. I wonder if we'll see much of his work now that he lives in Chicago? Maybe Gold Key could use him on Magnus if Manning gets overloaded or ill. I think that they should look into it!

I don't know if Biljo will keep me in the Batmanians after this next piece. The only reason that I buy Detective now is to read the Elongated Man strip. If Infantino does Batman, I read it. Why? For one, the art done by the Bob Kane crew is weak in many ways. For another, the color values are some of the poorest that can be found in comic today. Just compare them to those use on Infantino artwork. See what I mean?

WW COMIC ZODIAC

VIRGO

WONDER WOMAN, born of the mutable earth of clay as told in ALL-STAR #8, is truly the classic VIRGO type in more ways than one!

Service is of the prime essence in her life--from the spiritual to the physical inclusive. We can see by her oaths and devotion to the Greek gods the spiritual side of this sign. The physical side appears in her many battles to bring peace and law to the world of mankind.

As Diana Prince, she performs humble jobs, another facet of the Virgo sign. The willingness to lead a conventional, and quite life, along with a shy nature, fits Virgo perfectly!

In the months to come, WONDER WOMAN will meet with long overdue luck. Her editor will utilize the experiences of the past to establish a future way of life that will be more to the liking of Fandom.

In the long run, the Amazing Amazon of the Golden Age will receive the plaudits of the top people; in some cases, from the public at large. Hera help her and we'll all be cheering her on!

Copyright
National
Periodical
Publ.

I hope that you all like the feature on the last page. I have been working on them for a few months now. And everything that I mentioned in the Horoscope for Wonder Woman actually comes from the readings for persons born under the sign of Virgo. I did one for last month on cat heroes and heroines. And I found that the reading for Leo fit them perfectly. You'll just have to keep guessing each month on who I'll use next and how close the reading will be. It surprises me too! (If you all like this feature, I will try to find a place to use it in a wider circulation fanzine. Let me know what you think!)

MC'S ANYBODY?

The Ryans I enjoyed the letter and all the comments. I'd love to work out some arrangement to receive Australian books or reprints, but I haven't got the money. Old comics come at HIGH prices here in New York. And the chances of my finding issues that you want are few. I am hard put to find single issues that I need to complete full runs. And I've tried to get that record for you all over the place. I even wrote Gisele herself. She sent me a very nice note and was sorry that the record was out of print. Sorry!

Thompsons I hope that you have your new domicile soon. The more that I see of your work in print, the happier I'll be. Sorry for the slipup on Sluggo! What is the character. name? And if you are interested, Joe Kubert is doing a strip based on the Green Beret book. The NEA has bought 72 daily strips and will be publishing them soon. This is one that I will be collecting also.

[illegible] X Thanks for the Flash reprint item. I will keep it the way it is, note and all. More items of appreciation like this make a fellow feel great. And the latest issue Variety has David Merrick listed for the producer of the Superman musical. He hopes to have it ready for the Spring season on Broadway.

K. Russell Interesting notes and a good idea running that spot on art comparisons of costumes. Thank Doug Potter for the interesting page on Magician heroes.

Andy Zerbe I agree on the short features in Charlton also. I am trying to sell Pat Masulli on the idea of using fillers connected with the main feature. Haven't heard from him yet!

[illegible]

Running out of room but not items to mention. Like for instance, the Schwartz Index that James Weston put out. I'm interested in it, but only if it goes beyond the Super Hero part of Schwartz. The man had a lot more published before he started on the new age of heroes. They don't deserve being overlooked because they don't contain Super Heroes. How do some of you other Kappa Alphans feel about this?

If anything will drive me out of Comic Fandom, it will be the group that insists that everything in it be Super Hero orientated. I find comics of all types interesting and full of adventure. And it is why I collect Sunday strips. None of these no longer appear in book form and I can't imagine why?

If you would like to know where ACG gets their ideas for their supernatural and sci-fi stories, read the article in Writer's Digest for September. Everything that the writer turns down as an editor must be sent to ACG. And some of these have even been used by Marvel in their [illegible] books. Some of them were so bad that they are thinking of [illegible]

DAK

Commentary addressed specifically to DON and MAGGIE THOMPSON, based on K-a 11:

Feuds are wonderful things. They provide a vigorous outlet for nervous energy, emotion, ingenuity, and competitive instincts. They also provide considerable amusement for onlookers. However, they do tend to crimp the pursuit of a Cause - such as the endorsement of the Comics Code and CCA. I would therefore like to forestall any such developements in our discourses, the issue itself having enough nodding importance - to me, at least - that I'd like to see it dealt with, rather than boggingdown on the infinitely amusing ramifications that can develope in debating crossfire.

I can appreciate the indignation reflected in the last set of Rainy Days commentary on and to me. It took a while to puzzle the reason out, though. Please forgive me if I am reminded of a scene I've just recently read in Jack Hunter's The Blue Max. Bruno Stachel is talking with his commanding officer, saying:

"Well, on those tryouts I was next to last, and knowing your habit of assigning all such things in descending order of merit - "

Heidemann laughed easily, shaking his head. " Stachel, you amuse and baffle me. You are so infernally sensitive, so wont to evaluate events in terms of your own egoism. If you had just used a little sense instead of emotion you'd have seen that I estab ished the Fokker tryout sequence on a purely alphabetical basis."

Stachel was conscious of a roaring in his head.

"and, Stachel, let me point out that, next to me, you are the best pilot in this Jastaoo."

"Of Sense and Censorship" was written on a purely impersonal basis, with no direct reference to you or anyone else - except any that might have been spelled out in names and antecedent pronouns. The synthetic dialogue was between an imaginary academic figure posing questions which I answered. The dialogue was patently my own, though the ideas reflected by the academic anti-Code figure were a compilation of the major ones advanced by Jack Weingroff, Larry Herndon, John McGeehan, Sherman Howard Jr., Tom Cowan, yourselves, and anything I could add that seemed of relevance.

I got the distinct impression that you took it in another context - particularly with my comment "'They' never read the Marquis de Sade's La Philosophie dans le Boudoir..." etc. -, and I am most sorry. It may have been through fault of mine, though I thought the "they" in question would be clear enough as the impersonal "they" of "they say that..." or "Well, you know what they say..." I was in reference to a phrase - "No one was ever seduced by a book" - in public use for some thirty five years, since originally advanced by Jimmy Walker, New York's "nightime mayor", who may have had some knowledge of what he spoke. As you have taken direct offense, I apologise with the observation that it was not an intended fault.

Having more-than-reading suspicion that you took direct affront to more than that, I would be grateful if you'd read the article over again in the context I had intended. You might then care to comment on the reasoning I have advanced, offering counter-observations and assertions that more intensive discussion can profit all concerned. (This is an open invitation to everyone, naturally.)

Since Don has so adamantly made a point of his dislike of being misquoted, I will assure him that not only have I never misquoted him in print, I have never even quoted him. I eagerly await the chance, though, as he has been indicating that he has considerable ot import to relate since K-a 9. As soon as time permits, I and the rest of the A-Alphans would be most interested in his report, that we may better know what the both of you are talking about in even greater detail.

"I have too many serious problems on my mind to waste time and effort arguing with a closed mind" (I trust that that was verbatim) is a most dramatic phrase for Don to employ, however it would be infinitely more effective if he would exert an amount of that energy to meet my arguments and contentions with logic and fact. It would also be most educational for all concerned. Should I be wrong, I would welcome the opportunity to return to the fold of Truth; should the reverse be true, I'm sure that Don would also welcome that opprtunity. Should both of us be wrong...c'est la morts. At least we would have broadened each other's horizons.

"It's about time for us (Don and me) to drop our discussion of the CCA with you - at least until you've read some of the things you claim to discuss" is a most interesting statement from Maggie, which I embrace with the utmost enthusiasm even though she is assume precisely the same thing one waxed so indignant over in the fanzine

slight over my reference to Sade. However, I would be appreciative if she would deign to counter some of the statements I have advanced in "Of Sense and Censorship" on the nature of censorship, the worth of the Code, and the reliability of the CCA.

By the bye, I also have never blanketly condemned EC. I have deplore and will continue to deplore their horror and other unsavory tales, as well as furtive elements which may have slipped into other "straight" stories. I am well aware, though, that Crypt and the like were not the sum and substance of EC. Aside from its consistent technical accomplishments, the company produced many a masterpiece, as I made fleeting and oblique reference to in 'The Comics Code Takes the Stand' which appeared in Is a 8 and as I mentioned in passing in my editorial in Jeeves VII. Yet, I remain aware that they did create abominations like the Crypt and [illegible] goodies.

You have raised the point that the Authority may not have been content with cleaning up EC but was out to crush it utterly. While awaiting Don's proof of that it might be worth commenting on my contention that that was a decade ago. This is now. If a parallel situation is developing or has developed, I would like to have it pointed out - for I can't see one, myself, by the evidence on the market, and specifically by the evidence offered by Marvel.

In speaking of the fact that "If I seem to be repetitious it's mainly because the companies have not deigned to produce other major efforts in the regard, not that the Code Authority has been stepping out of bounds" I was, of course, referring to the post-Code-inception tales. In that vein I would like to note that while I can't judge "The Lonely One", not having seen it before or after CCA alteration, I can speak for the fact that "Fangs of the Fox" (Sgt. Fury 6) and "The Hate-Monger" (FF 21) fairly screamed their pointed, diamond-tipped messages. They passed the CCA. If they weren't line-for-line EC, it is possibly because Marvel is not EC.

To hopefully clarify my stand on the Academy endorsing the CCA, et al - It is not to my mind an issue that the Academy endorse Authority 'censorship' because, as I have stated at some length, I do not believe it is censorship of the kind blasphemous to all free-thinking Mankind. However, it is an issue whether or not the Academy does endorse the self-regulatory policies of the CMAA's Authority as they stand today, or at least endorses the Code and general principles of CCA application for the purposes of creating greater rapport between Fandom and the Authority so that any shortcomings of that latter agency's operations may be better criticised and remedied.

I'm sorry if I did not make that absolutely clear before.

On the stray commentary on the subject of Don's avowed design to resign from the Academy post-haste if my proposition goes through: Okay, different points of view. I would be interested, though, in the reasoning behind his. This would create a better intellectual exchange, appreciation of individual logic, and broaden the viewpoint of myself and the rest of the E-Alphums. I hope you'll agree that this is a Generally Good Thing. I am not attacking him, I am disagreeing, for the reasons I stated. I am interested in his point of view in the light of what I said on the subject. And, no, the Academy needs no single member. But it would be better off with a good many single members in it, Don being one of them. Personally, I find the Academy less a John Birch Society as a social organization with political overtones (like all the fandoms) and group policy which needs dissent as much as assent to keep it alive and fresh. Of course, Don may not care that much about the Academy. Perhaps I have misunderstood the intensity of his interest in comicdom and its fandom.

(And, incidentally, through circumstances amazing to recount, I've gone you one better on the Communist Party suggestion and am a member of the jolly Young Americans for Freedom - though I most certainly do not hold with the doctrines of that Goldwater Jungen's leaders. I like to contribute my part to the growth of Creeping Moderation, though, even amid a hotbed of consecrated capitalized Conservatism. I'm an altruist. Thanks for the wish of good luck, this may be a job tougher than with the Party.)

Running back to Sade briefly, you say you haven't noticed any perversions cropping up lately? In comics or life? In comics, I think Krafft-Ebing would have found ample reason to label much of Tales From the Crypt (which I was in reference to on page V of my ish 10 offering) "sado-masochism". "Whirlpool" and other lesser pieces have blatant algolagnise overtones. Necrofetishism is not my field, really, so I won't branch precariously into it by observing what else he might find. The sado-masochism alone justified my comment of "cheesy Sade elements that the Crypt samples

nuzzled to their bosom", though. Or don't you consider such pronounced algolagnia (As distinguished from the mild traces of mainstream life) to be perverse? Now, if you were referring to perversion in life in the main, try The Velvet Underground by Michael Leigh, an unmistakable book out in paperback. (Little if any relation to comics, but...) Or the handful of incidents recounted by anti-comics partisans you seem to be so conversant with.

Myself, I try to avoid discussion of the corrupting effects of comics sado-masochism, principally because I avoid that as a pro-Code argument. My stand on the subject is thus: 1) It isn't the best comics artistry (Which I must underscore, being a fan of Sade's adult text works); 2) such algolagnic fantasies are scarcely a cornerstone of comics and the medium is not harmed by their removal or toning down. (There is a difference between elements used for suspense and creation of dramatic mood, and ones presented for their own morbid fascination, like a plate of carrion.)

Final note in passing concerning the cartoon: Was Maggie taking umbrage at the use of the symbols she advanced to present the other point of view when she referred to "answering analogies in the terms of the analogies originally given"? Or what? I considered it legitimate to show another point of view on tigers and mice. The art of political cartooning is not strait-jacketed, so far as I know. Incidentally, have you ever tried using a shotgun on rats (Particularly one calculated to kill a tiger - though I had actually been thinking of a Weatherby Magnum rifle, myself)? Or mousetraps on a swarm to make the migration of lemmings seem like Sunday night at the Sneezy Falls pool parlor? I'll admit that a large predator is of limited use, but you brought him up; I was merely extending the idea to what happens if you get rid of the blamed tabby. The rats come ~~skreeking~~ out of the dark corners into the open, and breed. They tell me that they not only litter the place and lower property values, but they sometimes carry plagues.

* * *

JOHN BROSNAN - "Sweet Revenge" was an imaginatively conceived, adroitly handled tale. The Society should provide food for many another story, too. My only complaint is with the paragraphing - Yag-Sagoth (Old god of lice, handball, and chicken curry)!! Indenting does do wonders for visual appearance, and that long paragraph at the end was a bit hard to take, containing the bulk of the story as it did. For effect, ala Hubert Selby in "Tralala", it was interesting, but cumbersome nonetheless. The eye prefers neat, short packages of type, we students of journalism are told. Repeatedly. But nicely, tautly presented story, all the same.

JOHN McGEEHAN - The more I think over a typewriter ribbon the more I wonder if I didn't mean 18 feet instead of yards on the good ones. I may have been influenced by having had to unwind an old and then ~~xx~~ wind on a new Remington by hand. Still, it seems the professional typewriter maintenance man who gave me the info said yards. An addition to the subject is that the best ribbons are nylon thread (Fun in the fire), rather than coarser cotton fiber. Other companies besides Remington Rand make them, but He ~~Knew~~ Who Knows says that that's the best. I believe the ribbon name is Beauty-rite, also. Expensive, but very good for fans who type a lot.

GLEN JOHNSON - Irritating to see that tidbit on Spillane, principally because Life (June 23, 1952) reported that he began pro writing in comics in 1940, after Joe Gill introduced him to his brother, Ray Gill, editor of Funnies, Inc., a talent group that farmed their services out to various publishers. He did sell a piece of writing in 1935, after his high school graduation, but according to Life nothing came of that till 1940. In 1939 Spillane was briefly at Ft. Hays State College, in Kansas, though. Interesting to know about Mike Hammer's origin - I only wish that I had been able to include that in the article on Spillane coming up in Magnum I. I'm idly wondering just how "slight" was that revision of character, considering Mike's old modus operandi - which Charlotte Manning can attest to, among others.

FRED JACKSON - Sorry about misunderstanding your parody on the Code Authority stamp. You get a defensive viewpoint fast in the missionary business. Glad to know that you're aboard.

DOUG POTTER - I join you in the minority comfortable with Marvel. Some folk say that Stan rehashes a handful of plots. If so, he does them with interesting variations and superb execution. Gardner Fox, in my opinion, suffers from too much emphasis of ideas in plotting and not enough devotion to giving them anything but a too-familiar treat-

ment. I find myself relishing a stack of fresh Marvels, but having to take the MPP Fox titles no more than two at a time. John Broome is better, but not by much. The top writing talent strikes me as being spread out in the up-and-coming regions like Doom Patrol, Metamorpho, Tales of the Unexpected. The dialogue and characterizations as well as the action are imaginative and lively. Of course, Enemy Ace heads the field. My only real complaint with Marvel is Dick Ayers' penciling, which I find flat - though, with Frank Ray's inking, mama mia! Ray makes anyone look twice as good. And Hook with Wood...whoosh! I particularly like their Scarlet Witch, who has to be the loveliest heroine in comics for that hairdo alone.

Dr. Strange vrs Dr. Fate is no real controversy. Strange is a heroic sorcerer, while Fate is a super-hero who just happens to be mystically omnipotent.

M A G N U M - the name of a kind of cartridge, gun, and champagne bottle. Now also the name of a new zine, a Kaleidoscope Publication with a Saintly format for the fan of adventure-suspense, mystery-espionage fiction and associate fact. The first 46-page issue is now out for 45¢ - all copies mailed in a collector's envelope, and containing:

ARTICLES - A special James Bond double-feature for Flemingophiles: "The Death of James Bond" by Clint Biggleztone on the three and a half 007s of Ian Fleming alone; and a professional reprint, complete with photograph from "Goldfinger", of T.K. Meier's "James Bond - Conservative Agent?", originally seen like in The New Guard.

"The Most Dangerous Man In Europe" by Paul E. Moslander, [illegible] Colonel Otto Skorzeny, king of the German commandos.

"The Trouble With Violence on TV" by Mickey Spillane, reprinted from TV Guide and even timelier today than when it was originally printed. In addition:

DEPARTMENTS - The Gun Rack, with a feature on the .44 and .357 Magnum pistols.

File Three, the editorial on the changing image of the adventure-espionage hero, titled "Enter Fu Manchu".

Operation Analysis, the author-review feature debuting with its focus on the king of adventurous suspense fiction, Mickey Spillane.

Even a perennial serial, "Nick Suave, Thrillmaster". There have been satires on secret agents before, but none like Agent Caliban of SANDRA. Of course, there's:

FICTION - "The Passing Winds", a dramatic Western manhunt more relevant to modern heroics than it may seem at first glance, by Howard Waldrop.

"Operation Obermann - Part I", by Paul E. Moslander, clashing Thomas Bylay - White Russian telepercept - against Hans von Stahl - the Nazi obermann - in sunny Spain.

"Poof! The Magic Murder", a locked house mystery from Clint Biggleztone - hang that one on for size. And to highlight it all, there's always:

ART - The work of Howard Waldrop, Jim Gardner, John Chambers, and Rod Baird, with three full-page, full-color illoes and numerous spot illustrations. Need there be more elaboration? Buy and enjoy:

Magnum 1, with something for any kind of fan and most things for every fan - A Kaleidoscope Publication available from Paul Moslander, 1206 31 Avenue, San Mateo, Calif. 94403.

And never forget J E D D A K, not at all a Burroughs zine and one devoted to fantasy, science-fiction, and comics. Ish VII is out and ready, with:

"The Golden Age of Cuts" by Bill Gregory, illoed by Howard Waldrop, on one of the Forties' most forgotten comics companies.

"SF and 'Visual Media'" by Paul E. Moslander, being the essence of Harlan Ellison's scathing talk at the Pacificon II.

"Flight From Berlin" with Issac and Lilith Laquedem in Berlin...1933; and Chapter VII of "The Nemesis of Evil", 1964 Alley Award winner. Both by Victor Baron.

"Book of Sels - Part I" from Clint Biggleztone, with more on the sword, ring, and crown in epic sword-and-sorcery style.

Under the Knife - Ian Fleming, for those of you who thought pulps were dead.

All that and more, 45¢ a copy, all copies mailed in envelope, flat, & neat.

CAPA-alpha Membership Roster (as of Sept. 1, 1965)

Daniel Alderson, 6720 Day St., Tujunga, Calif. 91042
Jerry Bails, 22529 Karam Court, Warren, Michigan 48091
Jeremy Barry, 613 East Cottage Grove Ave., Bloomington, Ind. 47403
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John Brosnan, Flat 3, 4 Pearson St., Floreat Park, West Australia
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Please inform the Central Mailer (Jerry Bails) of any outstanding amateur publishers, writers, or artists who are comics fans, and who might like to join CAPA-alpha. Membership is open to any comics fan who can produce at least 4 pages of quality work every three (3) months. Applicants are encouraged to send a sample of their work, unless their material has seen wide circulation in Comics Fandom. CAPA-alpha discourages all hastily written, poorly organized, and badly executed material. In short, crud is unacceptable. Sample copies of K-a are reserved for highly outstanding prospective members.

LAST MINUTE NOTE: I apologize for delaying this issue so long, but I received half of Moslander's contribution and felt that the other half, mailed earlier, would be right along. No dice; so there's a change in the contents. House of Gab and part 2 of "Cross of Fire" have not arrived as of Sept. 11. This means Paul's Commentary begins on page 49, and this is page 53. Please correct the Contents page.

Late word is: Darrill will publish TCR, and Dave has courtiously withdrawn. However, I hope Derrill will ask Dave to serve as News Editor, and Dave will accept. TCR needs to be de-centralized.

K-α

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jim jones

America's No. 1 Club-buster!

POSTER